



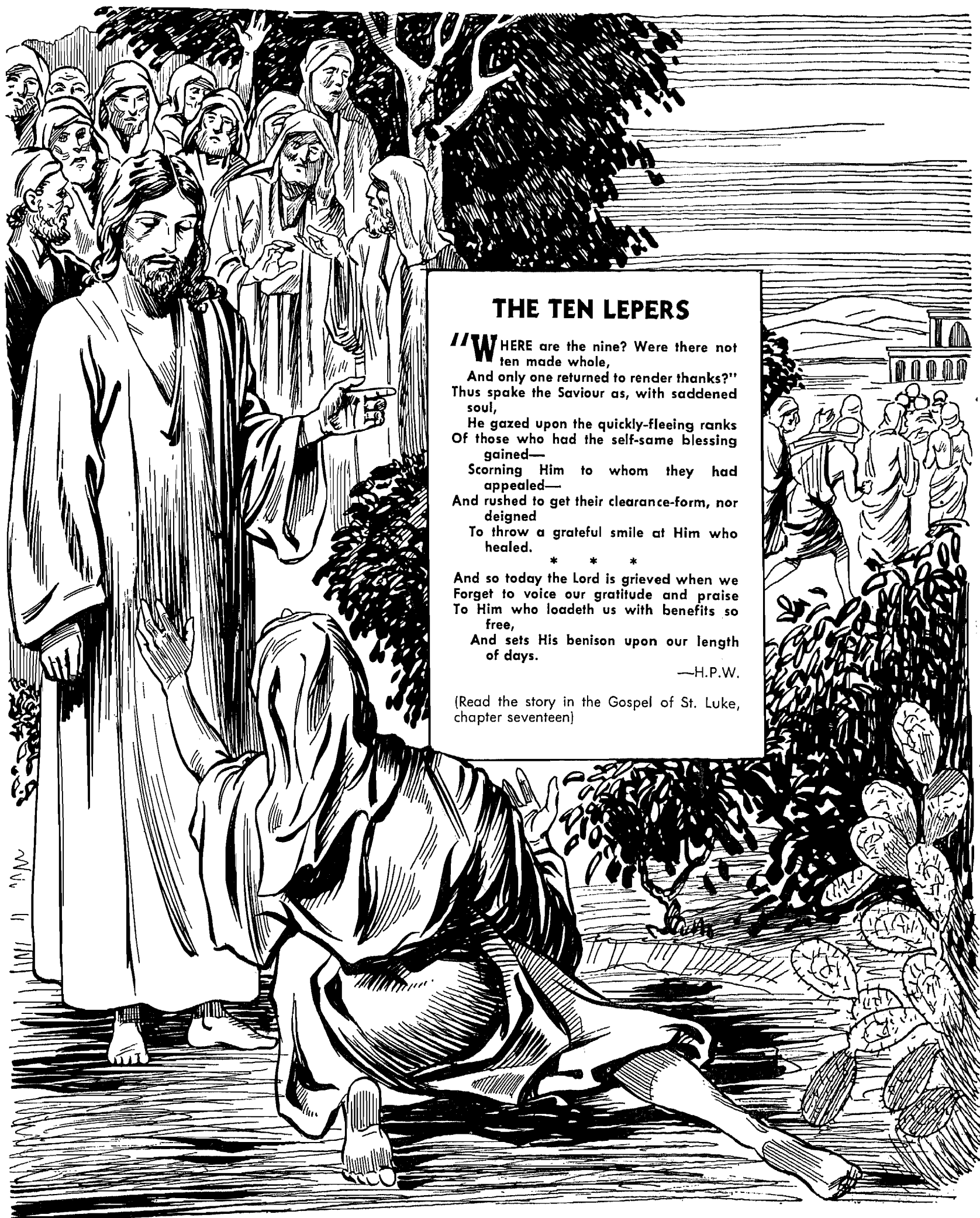
The WAR CRY

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND BERMUDA

No. 3951

TORONTO, AUGUST 13, 1960

Price Ten Cents



THE TEN LEPERS

"**W**HERE are the nine? Were there not
ten made whole,
And only one returned to render thanks?"
Thus spake the Saviour as, with saddened soul,
He gazed upon the quickly-fleeing ranks
Of those who had the self-same blessing
gained—
Scorning Him to whom they had
appealed—
And rushed to get their clearance-form, nor
deigned
To throw a grateful smile at Him who
healed.

* * *

And so today the Lord is grieved when we
Forget to voice our gratitude and praise
To Him who loadeth us with benefits so
free,
And sets His benison upon our length
of days.

—H.P.W.

(Read the story in the Gospel of St. Luke,
chapter seventeen)

EDITORIALS

ON TOPICS OF IMPORTANCE IN THE

MATERIAL AND SPIRITUAL REALM

REFUGEE ORPHANS

CANADIAN citizens who are favourable towards admitting refugees into the Dominion were pleased to learn that the Federal Government has opened the door for the adoption of refugee orphans by Canadian foster parents. This was recently announced by Prime Minister Diefenbaker in a communication to the president of the Canadian Welfare Council and made public.

The government, according to the statement, will authorize the admission of refugee children from any part of the world for legal adoption by Canadian couples. There are certain regulations to be complied with, and when this is done a permit will be duly issued.

Thus it is expected that Canada will make another contribution towards helping to solve a vexing world problem. The Dominion has already admitted many refugees and their dependents, and these are already responding to the hospitality given them. Many more will follow. The fact that World Refugee Year has ended does not, of course, mean that interest should slacken, but that this humane work should go on until every inmate of the refugee camps is liberated.

DRINKING DRIVERS

A REPORT recently published in the *Toronto Globe and Mail* gives some indication of the serious increase in Metropolitan Toronto of offences caused by intoxicating liquor.

The report states that, during the first four months of the year, the number of arrests of drinking drivers made by police was raised more than fifty per cent over that of last year.

In the same period 890 motorists were charged with impaired driving, compared to 590 for the previous year. A total of 244 drivers, ninety-three more than last year, was summoned for failing to remain at the scene of an accident. More than three times as many persons were accused of driving while disqualified: 202 compared to sixty-seven.

These figures do not reflect credit upon Ontario's great capital city. Instead, they give cause for the gravest concern.

THE WAR CRY

A periodical published weekly by the Salvation Army Printing House, 471 Jarvis St., Toronto 5, Ont., Canada. International Headquarters, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C. 4, England. William Booth, Founder; Wilfred Kitching, General. Territorial Headquarters, 20 Albert St., Toronto 1, W. Wycliffe Booth, Territorial Commander.

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VARIETIES OF WORSHIP

FOR one who attends Salvation Army meetings forty-nine Sundays of the year it is quite an experience to "go to church." The writer takes that opportunity during his furlough period, and always returns to his own form of worship feeling thankful for the unconventional freedom of Army meetings. He noticed a rather rigid type of ritual in some services—even the "nonconformist" churches—and he rejoiced that the Army retains its free and easy approach to all features of a gathering.

However, we did not miss a blessing, and we enjoyed the sermons and other features of the services we attended—and we sampled several different denominations. In one Baptist church we were surprised to hear the minister invite anyone present to pray. There was a long pause—fully five minutes, but the minister did not strike up a chorus, nor did the minister's wife "rush into the breach," but everyone waited quietly. At last a brother prayed, and no one seemed to sigh with relief. "Waiting upon God" can be just as Spirit-filled a part of a meeting as too much talking and a too-closely-packed programme.

In another church the writer was

blessed by the simple way a new member was "received into fellowship." The pastor merely left his pulpit, came down to where the woman sat, took her by the hand, and addressed a few words to her, welcoming her into the church. Then he went back to his place.

Another pleasing custom of some churches is when children present flock to the front (prior to going to the "lower regions" for their own lesson) and the minister stretches out his hands over them and prays for them. It has a sort of patriarchal air about it—reminiscent of the Founder praying for children in his day. Many of our veterans can recall how William Booth placed his hand on their head and asked God to bless them.

We were glad to notice that some churches have not succumbed to the almost universal custom of abolishing the night service. In some cases this is an all-the-year round procedure; in others, a summer custom. Even one of Toronto's larger churches that we visited kept open, even though the huge barn of a place seemed almost empty. The minister did not mind—he gave of his best notwithstanding the small

(Continued foot column 4)

A RECORD WASTE

ALTHOUGH there have been a number of different statements made of late with regard to the growing habit of cigarette-smoking, few are really aware of its extent. A recent article in *Time* magazine states that American smokers are "puffing cigarettes at a record rate" and the nation has now nearly sixty million smokers, including a great number of women over fifteen.

Every second of the day more than 15,000 cigarettes are bought. Last year the American people spent seven billion dollars on tobacco alone (which is more than Canada's national budget) and consumed a record 462 billion cigarettes, a big increase over the previous year.

To supply the tremendous demand the United States annually grows an enormous quantity of tobacco on some half a million farms, and makes it into cigars and cigarettes in no fewer than 625 plants and factories.

In Canada, as against the States' great population, the increase of tobacco consumption has not been so marked, but nevertheless the situation is serious enough.

A SPARK AND A BLAZE

ANOTHER vigorous warning has been sounded by government lands and forest department officials cautioning campers, sportsmen and vacationers to be careful in the use of camp fires. Already this year thousands of acres of prime forest land have been laid waste with great damage to one of Canada's greatest assets.

Burning matches and cigarette stubs carelessly thrown into tinder-dry bush can start a blaze, and unextinguished remains of a camp fire caught by the wind can devastate a whole region, and also be a menace to life and property. Forest conflagrations constitute one of the Dominion's heaviest expenses, to say nothing of the efforts of hundreds of voluntary firefighters who would rather be attending to their regular work.

STILL GROWING

THE population of Canada has reached an estimated total of 17,814,000, the Canadian Bureau of Statistics reported recently. By the end of the year, at the present rate of growth, the figure should reach eighteen million. Ontario's population is 6,089,000, it was stated.

(Continued from column 3)

but very attentive congregation.

As for the messages we heard, they seemed fundamentally sound. The pastors seemed to be earnestly striving to meet the needs of their people in a world that is groping in the darkness of international tension. In our prayers we should find time to mention all those who are trying to spread the Gospel as the only hope for mankind.

Freedom For The Captive



HE HATH SENT ME... TO PROCLAIM LIBERTY TO THE CAPTIVES, AND THE OPENING OF THE PRISON TO THEM THAT ARE BOUND." — ISA. 61:1

GREAT NUMBERS of people all over the world today are living in the prison house of sin. To these the proclamation of the Gospel comes, bringing tidings of a Saviour's love and liberation from bondage. Christ opens the door to all who will accept His invitation.

A MIDNIGHT VISITOR

THE great council which ruled the religious life of the Jews was called the Sanhedrin, and was made up of seventy-one members. This group comprised two parties, Sadducees and Pharisees. There were not many Sadducees in the council, for they were chiefly the wealthy men who lived in palaces or large houses. They were proud, hard, and often callous and they disdained the lesser priests of the Temple. The high priest was always a Sadducee. This smaller group did not believe that men's souls live for ever. They declared, "There is no judgment of man nor is there a resurrection". As a matter of fact it was these men who finally brought about the death of Jesus.

The Pharisees were keenly religious. They believed in the immortality of man's soul, and also the resurrection and judgment. They were always looking for the establishment of God's Kingdom, but felt that its coming would depend not only on obedience to the Law of Moses, but also on the observance of the traditions handed down through their rulers.

Nicodemus was one of the rulers, wealthy, learned, and deeply religious. He was held in high regard, but apparently became disturbed by the teaching of Jesus. It may have been that he had stood with the crowds listening to the simple, clear and profound words which came forth from the lips of the Master, and all the time his own heart

would be questioning as to how Jesus could have this serenity of spirit, this confidence in His utterances, this understanding of God and man, and all these wonderful gifts of teaching and healing.

When the people had returned to their homes one night, Nicodemus sought out Jesus in order to settle his questions, and his first statement is one which denotes both his respect and sincerity. "Master" he said, "we know that Thou art a Teacher come from God, for no man can do these things except God be with him."

The reply of the Master seems to cut right across the approach of Nicodemus with a certain severity as He declares: "Truly, I say unto thee, except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God."

There follows an account of question and reply between these two striking personalities until Jesus speaks as follows: "Do not be surprised at this teaching; you hear the sound of the wind, but you cannot see it; neither do you know from where it comes or to where it goes; *So is everyone that is born of the*

By Colonel John Hunt, England

Spirit." Just what does this statement of Jesus signify? It is an analogy of how the law of the Spirit of God works within a man!

There is mystery in the wind—



NICODEMUS was shocked by the Saviour's blunt assertion that even a respected Pharisee must be born again before he can find acceptance with God. But the lesson went home. Nicodemus became a secret disciple, and was able to intervene on behalf of Jesus—although to no avail. He also aided in preparing Christ's body for burial.

not seen, not fully understood as to its workings—but there is fact also. We can see its results with positiveness. And if the fact of the wind is accepted we may use its co-operative power. The ship can sail, the wind-

defined", says a French proverb, "is a God no longer". But, there is fact to be acknowledged when God's Spirit operates, and perhaps the greatest occasion was seen in the dynamic change in the disciples at Pentecost. Throughout the centuries since that occasion there has been a continuous witness of this spiritual power.

We must rejoice in our own day that ever this "ruler once came to Jesus by night" to speak out the problems of his mind and heart, for it is still good news that the Law of the Spirit of Life in Christ makes men free from the law of sin and death.

mill operate: so, by an acceptance of the law of the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus, all men may experience a demonstration of His power within their own lives.

There is mystery in the Spirit of God. Who can know Him? "A God

Rather Die Than Surrender

"IS it true? Do not ye serve my gods, nor worship the golden image which I have set up?" The emperor of mighty Babylon, with a stare of wild rage, looked into the faces of what the newspapers of today would call a "bigoted minority," and asked this question.

If, in truth, they had refused to worship the great golden image—purposely erected by Nebuchadnezzar to test his people's loyalty—it would go hardly with them. They and their families would suffer—they would perish amid the flames of the palace furnace. One might expect some less vigorous reply from the three Hebrew boys than the one they gave. "We are not careful to answer thee in this matter. Be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou has set up!"

Such disregard for personal safety, such heedlessness for the whim of a despot, such a confident and definite reply is remarkable, to be sure. Would to God we had more such men in our midst today; men who are real men; men who will say an unqualified "no" to the materialistic gods of this age, and an unreserved "yes" to the call of God.

We urge you to stand unashamed on the side of Christ, to forsake your idols, to separate yourself from all that is wrong and, once and for all, to become a follower of Christ the Lord. Accepting Christ is a coronation, therefore, you must make Jesus King of every area of your life. Without fear or hesitancy you must stand before the world as a living witness of what absolute surrender to God can mean in the human life. God will not forsake you—even amidst the flames of persecution—if you will trust Christ for your salvation.—B.R.

Life's Greatest Thrill

A NUMBER of persons were asked this question, "What is the thrill of a lifetime?" Some of them answered that for them it was travel. Others narrated achievements of one kind or another. Some spoke of meeting loved ones after many years.

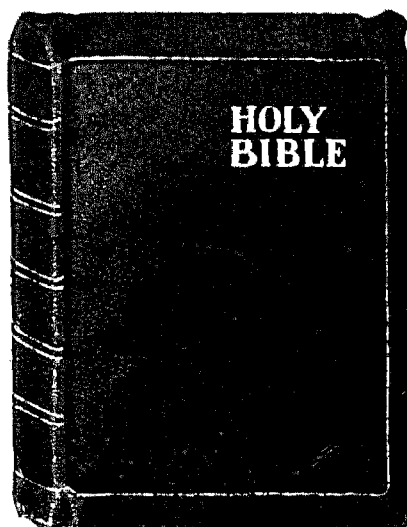
A person who has been blind for years, then has his sight restored as the result of a skilful operation is deeply thrilled at the views of the wonderful world around and above him. But even this cannot be compared to the joy of the person who has had the eyes of his understanding opened by faith to see Christ on the cross dying for his sins.

The prospector who has endured a host of trials for years, in his diligent search for gold, and almost desponds of success but suddenly strikes it rich, most certainly would thrill over his find. But that is a small thrill compared with the ex-

perience of the poverty-stricken sinner who receives the saving grace of Christ who, though rich, became poor for every one of us.

Then there is the person who, having a desperate struggle making ends meet, receives notice that a wealthy relative has died and left some of his wealth to him. He will indeed thrill to this news. But again, that is insignificant when compared to the joy of those who have been "begotten unto a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance, incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away reserved in Heaven" for him.

If the Apostle Peter had been asked the question contained in the first paragraph, his answer concerning the Saviour would have been, "Whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."



MANY stories could be written about Korean women who showed great courage during the Korean war. Among the brave women of Korea, it was Dong Hi Kim-Im who used her courage, her brains, a wood pile and a pickle jar to save the new Hankul version of the Korean Bible.

The Korean Bible was printed in an old script which only scholars could read easily. There was a new version in modern Korean script ready for printing. Young Kim-Im, husband of Dong Hi Kim-Im, was General Secretary of the Bible Society in Korea. He was responsible for the printing of the new version in Seoul.

But the armies of North Korea swept into Seoul in 1950. One of the first places they destroyed was the Bible House. Young Kim-Im could not save the building nor the printing press, but he did save the new Kankul version of the Bible. He carried it home and hid it in a cooking pot.

Every so often the North Korean soldiers would storm up to his home to take him away as a prisoner. Always his wife came to the door and politely let them search the house for him. They never found him. But always after they were gone, Dong Hi Kim-Im would go out to the woodpile. She would remove a few sticks of wood.

"They have gone," she would whisper to Young Kim-Im. "It's safe to come out."

"Is the Bible manuscript safe?" he would ask.

"They did not look in the cooking pot. It is safe."

"Safe now, but perhaps not next time," he said.

Finally he thought of a safer place to hide it. He reminded his wife of friends who lived in a village a few miles from Seoul.

READ IT DAILY

Read the Bible every day,
Ever let it be thy guide;
A beacon light for all who may
Drift upon life's restless tide.

Teach me, God, Thy holy will;
Hold my hand lest I should stray;
Ever in my spirit dwell,

Bless and keep me all the way.
In Thy Word sweet hope I find,
Balm for every troubled mind,
Light to guide through ev'ry gloom
E'en through the darkened tomb.

Daily, then, O Father God,
A pledge I take to read Thy Word;
I will read it carefully,
Lovingly, and prayerfully,
Yes, at least one hour for Thee.

Woodpile And Pickle Jar

"It would be safe buried in their garden," he said.

"But how could we take it there?" she asked. "The streets are full of soldiers. They would search us."

"I have been thinking about that," he said. "You can put it in a pickle jar and carry the jar on your head to our friends' home in the village. Then bury it in their garden."

Dong Hi Kim-Im looked at her husband in amazement. "It would be very dangerous!" she said.

"It is dangerous to keep it here," he said.

Dong Hi Kim-Im stared at him. Did he really expect her to walk through the soldier-crowded streets carrying the precious manuscript in a pickle jar on her head?

"I could put pickles on top, so that the soldiers would see those if they looked inside," she said. "I could wrap the pickle jar in a bigger bundle with clothes and things. I could dress like a village woman."

And that is what she did. There were so many soldiers on the main road that she took a longer route to the village. For several miles nobody paid any attention to a country woman with a bundle on her head.

When she had nearly reached the village of her friends, a young Communist soldier stopped her. He

searched her bundle. He saw the clothes and the ordinary looking pickle jar.

"What is in there?" he asked, though he supposed it had only pickles.

"I am carrying pickled cucumbers," she said. The soldier did not bother to open the jar, so he never saw what was under the cucumbers. He let her pass.

Dong Hi Kim-Im plodded wearily on till she reached her friends' home. They helped her dig a deep hole in the garden. After they removed the pickled cucumbers, they buried the jar with the Hankul manuscript. There it stayed till the Communist armies were driven north.

Then it was Dong Hi Kim-Im who walked the miles back to the village through a countryside where bandits and bands of armed men were roaming. She dug up the jar and found the Bible manuscript safe. Through the same dangerous roads she returned it to her husband.

There were other adventures before it could be printed. But at last, in 1952, the Hankul Bible was printed, thanks to the brave woman who guarded it. Now many Koreans who are not able to read the difficult letters of the old Korean Bible can read the Bible printed in modern new script.

New Camping Facilities Provided

As Official Opening Held On Founder's Day

FOUNDER'S Day was chosen as the occasion for marking a new page in the history of The Salvation Army as between 600 and 700 young people and adults gathered on the grounds of Camp Glenhuron to share in the official opening ceremonies.

With 300 scouts, guides, cubs and brownies standing at the alert in unit formation, four leaders approached the platform and broke the flag for the first time on this new camp site. To the accompaniment of the Sarnia Band, the National Anthem was sung, and Mrs. Brigadier J. Nelson read a Scripture portion.

The Divisional Commander, Brigadier Nelson, gave a brief resumé of the beginnings of the Army and the Divisional Young People's Secretary, Brigadier S. Jackson led in the singing of the song, "O Boundless Salvation."

Mr. S. Pearce, vice president of the Forest City Kiwanis Club was presented and he commented on the surroundings, declaring the camp "open to the glory of God and for the betterment of the youth of Western Ontario." Lt.-Colonel A. Keith (R), a former divisional commander for the area, prayed God's blessing on the new site, and Mr. A. Flowers, a councillor of Bayfield,

A New Camp

RIGHT: THE KEY for the hospital at Camp Glenhuron, a new property recently opened in the Western Ontario Division is presented by Mr. L. Anstey, the contractor to Mr. M. Travers. The Divisional Commander, Brigadier J. Nelson looks on. **BELOW:** Divisional officers and guests, who took part in the opening of the new camp. (See report above)



Accepted Candidates

for the
"SOLDIERS OF CHRIST" SESSION
IN NEWFOUNDLAND



Wavey Chaulk



Iris Thorne

WAVEY CHAULK, of Corner Brook West Corps, Nfld., was born in Deer Lake, moving to the paper town while a child. She was converted in a young people's salvation meeting at the age of five, and grew up in The Salvation Army, participating in the corps activities. As she sought the blessing of holiness, she studied God's Word, the Holy Spirit using this means to illumine her heart, and increase her faith until she claimed the experience. She eagerly anticipates training days and service far mankind through the medium of The Salvation Army.

IRIS THORNE, of Fair Haven, Nfld., an outpost of the Whitbourne Corps, was converted in a young people's meeting at the age of nine. She became interested in the Army (although coming from a church home) and entered into corps' activities. She claimed the blessing of a clean heart in a holiness meeting, the experience becoming a personal reality in her life. Prior to entering the training college, she has been giving valued assistance at the Mount Pearl Corps as a candidate-helper.



Eva Wareham



Kevin Rideout

EVA WAREHAM, of Corner Brook West Corps, Nfld., was converted at the age of seven in a young people's meeting. Today, she witnesses to the blessing of holiness, and uses every opportunity of leading others to the Lord. When the awareness of God's call for future service came during youth council meeting it brought a spirit of resentment but, the following year, she responded willingly to the urgings of the Spirit. She has had the joy of leading others to the Lord.

KEVIN RIDEOUT, of Corner Brook West Corps, was born at Cottle's Island, and was converted at the age of eleven. He was enrolled as a soldier and became a corps cadet. He served for some time as a company guard, speaking to many young people about Christ. The time came when, upon entering a deeper relationship with Christ, he was challenged to dedicate his all to God for service. He is endeavouring to prepare himself for his life's work, and striving to win others for the Lord.

a neighbouring settlement, and a life-long Salvationist, brought greetings from the municipality.

The scout and guide units were then inspected and took part in a march past.

Following lunch, Mr. M. Travers, secretary of the Kiwanis Club that had provided funds for the camp hospital accepted the key from Bro. L. Anstey, the contractor and then presented it to Brigadier Nelson, with the expressed hope that the hospital would never have to admit anyone with a serious affliction.

A field day programme for the young people present, arranged by Brigadier and Mrs. Jackson, was run off in the afternoon, the final awards being given before the supper hour. The victorious groups were: Guides, Strathroy Company; Brownies, London South Pack; Scouts, Essex Troop; Cubs, London South Pack.

The "Helping Hand" In Action

A YOUNG woman was referred to the welfare department by the Traveller's Aid. She required transportation to an Ontario city. It was discovered that she had an unfortunate upbringing, suffering under a drunken father.

She had tried to join the Canadian Army, but the course would not be opening for some months. She wanted to return with her friend, awaiting this time. The story was verified by the military authorities and the girl provided with her ticket.

A passing stranger introduced himself to a group of Salvationists assembling for a wedding photograph in the sunshine at Rhodes Park, Johannesburg, and displayed a Salvation Army song book. "This book was the means of my conversion," he said, "I am now an active church worker".

The department of public welfare investigated the case of a woman living in a dreadful room on a busy street in a large city. She had a chronic heart ailment and such living conditions were not good for her.

The civic officials met some of the bedding needs and the Army was asked to provide other articles of furniture. This request was met.

An immigration official contacted the welfare department, asking for assistance with a woman whose husband had been detained at the American border while driving for a transport company. The detention involved some weeks of investigation, and, in the meantime, no money was forthcoming.

An immediate food order was given, a new crib ordered to replace a worn-out one, and the woman was put in contact with the city welfare for further help.

A woman who had recently lost her husband, was in difficulty because of the loss of her home. She had spent a large sum of money trying to help a retarded daughter, but to no avail. To supplement her income she had taken in boarders, but this was not sufficient to meet the high rental payments on the home.

She was endeavouring to find accommodation for the boarders so that she might move into low-cost housing, and so to meet the immediate needs was given the maximum food order.

The *New York Sunday News* writes: With hospitals in New York and elsewhere facing a difficult struggle against rising costs, we salute the brave old Salvation Army for launching a large modern hospital in Flushing, Queens. The Booth Memorial Hospital, which opened its doors to patients three years ago, opened them to our "colour fotogs" the other day. In the centrefold of the magazine, you'll find the "colourfoto" story of the institution, which emphasizes the latest trends in hospital decor.

ALL ABOUT FESTIVALS

A SUBSTANTIAL well-bound volume, on a vital subject, is James Burns' *REVIVALS*, with additional chapters by Professor A. W. Blackwood, Sr. This book covers most of the world's great revivals, and provides endless material for Bible lessons. Baker Book House, Grand Rapids, Mich. Price \$3.95.

Word is to hand from the field department that a corps was officially opened in Neepawa (Manitoba and North-west Division) on July 20th. Lieutenant R. Rooks is in charge.

Speaker uniform, worn only three times; size 16 to 18, price reasonable. Write Miss P. Britcliffe, 15 Kennedy Road, Toronto, Ont., or phone (evenings) HO 2-5251.

Up-to-date Glimpses of the Congo Situation



MAJOR AND MRS. C. STEWART, Canadian missionary officers labouring in Tanganyika, are tackling the job of caring for refugees from the Belgian Congo, the territory to the west of Kenya. In the top picture, along with the Stewarts and some of the escapees may be seen Mrs. Lt.-Commissioner Wiseman, wife of the Territorial Commander for E. Africa, who went to Dar es Salaam to help with the work. MIDDLE: A view of the dining room where the new arrivals are being fed. LOWER: A glimpse of the kitchen, where Major Stewart may be seen in conference with Lady Turnbull (who is taking a keen interest in the project) and government officials.

ANNUAL FIELD DAY AT JACKSON'S

AN estimated crowd of some 2,000 gathered at the Jackson's Point Camp recently for the annual divisional field-day. Special visitors were the Field Secretary and Mrs. Colonel C. Knaap, supported by the Divisional Commander and Mrs. Lt.-Colonel C. Warrander.

A variety of activities were held throughout the day, concluding with the finals of the softball tournament, won this year by Earls Court over Danforth. A large crowd witnessed the games.

The games and sports activities were organized by Brother W. Snowden and a band of helpers, and the success of the event was largely due to their efforts.

As Salvationists gathered around

the flag pole at the conclusion of the day, prizes to those who had merited them were awarded by Colonel Knaap.

Single men are required at THE HOUSE OF CONCORD (probation home) to work with youths. Salvationists preferred. Applicants must get recommendation from officer or minister. Write Sr.-Captain A. McCorquodale, House of Concord, Concord, Ont., or phone AV 5-5126.

WANTED: Four brass instruments for boys desirous of learning to play. Any wealthy corps possessing spare instruments would be doing a Samaritan-like deed to donate them to small corps. Write Lieutenant L. Spragge, 598 Fifth Ave., Lachine, Que.

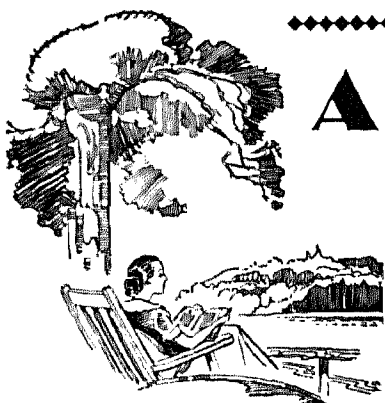
SHARE THE EDITOR'S MAIL

THE *War Cry* front pages of late have been most striking. The pen-and-ink drawing showing the mighty hand of Jesus (with its nail-print shown) reaching into the waters of sin to grasp the hand of someone sinking beneath the waves was specially appealing to the customers in the saloons that I visit.

We really believe God uses these pictures—as well as the forthright Gospel messages inside the paper—to win souls from the thralldom of sin.

Robert D. Marks (Major) Toronto.

1 summer uniform dress size 14-16, 2 winter uniform dresses, good condition. 1 Army coat, reasonable. PHONE LE 4-1351 (Toronto) or write Mrs. Andrews, 121 Russett Ave, Toronto 4.



A Page For Home-Makers

A Parable From Australia

IN THE PALM DRIVE

BY MAJOR ADELAIDE AH KOW (R)

NOW last week it did seem to me that I could drive a motor-car, and more than once I considered the matter of procuring a licence. But this week I am by no means certain, and mayhap the licence will wait. For today I met the butcher in the palm drive. Through the midst of the orchard doth the palm drive run, not straight but curving from gate to house yard; and the date palms, many yards apart when planted, now spread their long fronds toward each other, so that the drive doth seem little more than a single track, and it be perilous for one car therein to meet another.

But indeed this happeneth but seldom—so seldom that I have smiled, lying on the veranda, and hearing the car going and returning with my nephew ever sounding his horn in the curve of the drive. But, henceforth, he may toot, and I shall smile no more. For today I met the butcher's truck in the palm drive.

"Come," said my nephew, "the day is fine, and I must visit the town." "Give me, then, the wheel," said I.

Unexpected Meeting

So he gave it me, and we entered the drive, not sounding the horn, for never yet had I chanced upon any there. And at the same time, the butcher entered from the other end, but neither did he sound his horn, for perchance he, too, had not before met any in the drive.

Thus we came with suddenness the one upon other; and indeed I could think of naught save the horn had not been blown. So in great haste I sounded it once, twice, or mayhap more, though I think not more than twice, and that my nephew is mistaken in saying otherwise, he being much occupied in doing those things which would prevent disaster.

And we came to a standstill with no more than a yard to spare, the nose of the truck in a palm on the one side and the wheels of the car in a gutter on the other. Then, with care, I having yielded the wheel without protest, the one car passed the other and all was well.

CHRIST IS SOLD AGAIN

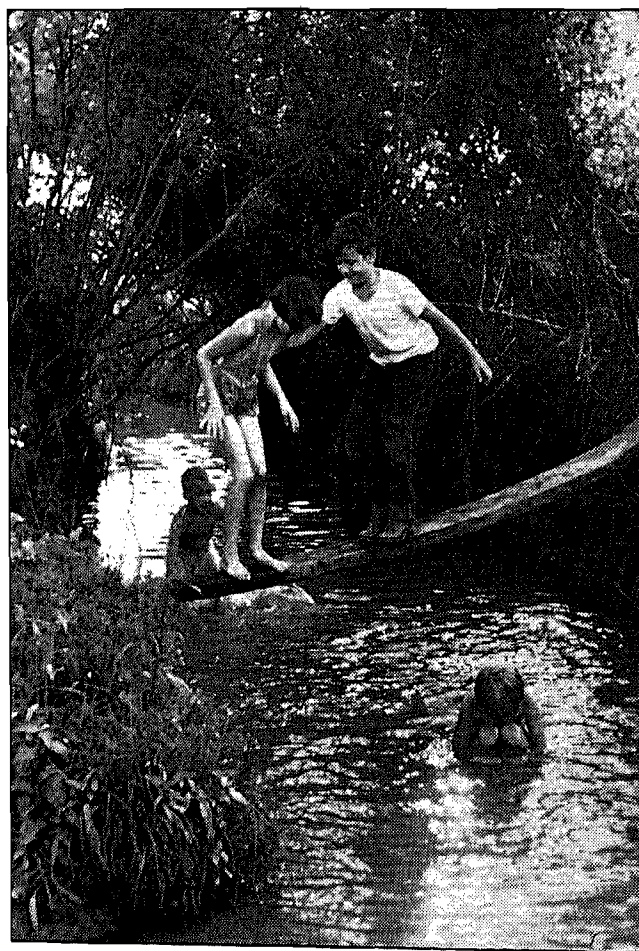
WAS any woman, do you suppose, ever the better for possessing diamonds? But how many have been made base, frivolous and miserable by desiring them? Was ever a man better for having coffers full of gold? But who shall measure the guilt incurred to fill them?

Look into the history of any civilized nation: analyze, with reference to this one cause of crime and misery, the lives and thoughts of their nobles, priests, merchants and men of luxurious life. Every other temptation is at last concentrated into this: pride and lust, and envy, and anger all give up their strength to avarice. The sin of the whole world is essentially the sin of Judas.

Men do not disbelieve their Christ; but they sell Him.—John Ruskin

And the butcher smiled much, which was not according to his wont, and I smiled also, glad to see him merry. But presently I smiled not at all, for as we pursued our way my

(Continued in column 4)



THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE

HEARTY TOSSED SALAD

Yield: Serves 6

- 8 cups mixed salad greens—
(lettuce, spinach, cabbage)
- 3 medium-sized tomatoes
- 1/4 cup cucumber slices
- 1/4 cup sliced green onion
- 2/3 cup diced ham, corned beef, or other cold meat
- 1 cup julienne strips swiss or cheddar cheese
- French dressing

METHOD

- (1) In a salad bowl, pull salad greens into bite-sized pieces.
- (2) Add tomato wedges, cucumbers, onion, meat and cheese.
- (3) Toss together lightly with enough French dressing to coat ingredients.
- (4) Serve at once.

SUPPER MENU: Cream of mushroom soup, hearty tossed salad, rye bread, raspberries, milk.

CHEESE CHILI

- 1 tablespoon gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1 cup cottage cheese
- 1 cup chili sauce
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1/2 cup whipped cream

METHOD

- (1) Sprinkle gelatin over cold water and allow to stand 5 minutes.
- (2) Dissolve this gelatin mixture over hot water.
- (3) Combine cottage cheese, chili sauce, mayonnaise, salt and lemon juice.
- (4) Add gelatin, mixing well.
- (5) Lightly fold in whipped cream.
- (6) Pour in shallow square or oblong dish, rinsed beforehand in cold water.
- (7) Chill until firm.
- (8) Cut into squares and serve on lettuce or other greens.

COWBOY ON THE STAIRS

BY MRS. SENIOR-MAJOR B. TOPLEY

"PLEASE close the sideboard door, darling." "I can't. Mummy, there are six Indians in there." "Then I hope they have their moc-casins on," I said to myself ruefully, "for my best china is in there too."

The prostrate figure on the dining-room floor looked up for the space of one second, yet in that glance was surprise and sorrow, not unmixed with anger that grown-ups could be so dull.

I had already passed two imaginary cowboys on the stairs who, with a fine contempt both for me and the stair carpet, had dashed by on their horses, only to draw rein quickly beside their leader who was advancing on his stomach.

Could it be that my precious china and equally precious stair carpet will survive? Because to the child-mind they are just not there, they don't exist. Neither does the dining-room floor, nor the microscopic area which goes by the grandiose name of "hall." My seven-year-old cowboy is away in imagination in the wide, open spaces of the prairie, or the forests

and mountains, or wherever it is that this ancient feud between cowboys and Indians still carries on.

Neither, it seems, do the weapons matter. Having forbidden guns as toys, I fondly imagined that I had dealt with the gun mind, not reckoning on the ingenuity which is not balked by such trifles as adult prohibitions. The smallest foot of a cobbler's last that had been detailed for duty as a door stopper has ceased to stop doors since the twins reached the cowboy age. It makes a lovely gun.

In The Spirit of Play

"Stick 'em up!" With the command the gun pointed menacingly toward me and I sank to my knee with arms upraised, hoping that by my full surrender I might atone for my former obtuseness. I was rewarded by a beaming smile as I tagged on behind to swell the numbers for the siege of the sideboard. The kettle boiled over merrily in the kitchen, but I dared not break the spell until the Indians had surrendered and the china was safe once more.

Sickness and bad weather have combined to rule out the great out-of-doors for the time being, but my little man refuses to submit to the cramping influence of four walls. Oh, blessed childhood that can escape from its prisoning environs and recreate a world of space and limitless possibilities. Has he nothing to teach me, this cowboy?

In the days when circumstances close me in, am I fretful and despairing? Do I remember that the mind needs not to know any imprisonment?—that in that realm where I do all my thinking and purposing and imagining there are no limitations such as the body knows? "Let this mind be in you which was also in Jesus Christ"—how that phrase haunts me as representing a country as yet largely unexplored!

Lastly, is it only at the point of the gun that I find my way to the place of prayer? Or do I realize afresh the power of prayer that "calls from a world of care" and in so doing fall in behind a great host who have unseen resources and who win new battles for our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.—The Deliverer

(Continued from column 1)
nephew told me of those things which I ought to have done in the drive, and of which I needed not that any should tell me, knowing already too well my sins of omission.

And especially I liked not that he should speak of the sounding of the horn and the necessity of pulling to the left, for had I not known the rule of the road ere ever the youth was born! And so, indeed, I told him. Then said he, with reason, "But you did not practise it in the drive." And at that I had naught to say, for indeed the boy spake only the truth.

Now afterward, considering the matter, I saw that there be many in like case to me. For though they know the right thing to do, oft-times they omit to do it, and so it were all one as though they knew it not.

For I have seen a husband who, knowing that a smile and a kiss made sunshine for his wife, yet gave them but seldom, till unhappiness came upon his home. And I have known a youth who, though instructed in the danger of subtle temptations avoided them not, and so fell. And I have met a man who, knowing the way of salvation, delayed to walk therein till the years being flown and calamity upon him, remorse ate into his soul.

Wherefore I perceived that knowledge availeth but little if one acteth not upon it, and that he is wise who, knowing the right thing to do, doth perform it at the right time, waiting not until disaster come upon him.

And also I think that I shall not apply for a licence.—In a Mallee Orchard

THE STORY OF SWISS CHEESE

A PRODUCT OF WORLD RENOWN

WHEN the Roman legions invaded northern Europe 2,000 years ago they carried Swiss cheese back with them to Rome. Ever since, dairying and cheese-making have played an important part in Switzerland's peasant life. In Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden, the three tiny mountain states, where the Confederation was born in 1291, cheese was treasured as an "essential food." It had its place in alpine legends and figured quite early as a medium of payment. As such it is mentioned in a twelfth century document of the Monastery of Engleberg.

Export of Swiss cheese had its beginning in the fifteenth century. At that time the monastery of Murbach, in the Alsace, one of Switzerland's foreign clients, had issued a decree that on certain days each of the brethren should receive as final course of his dinner a quarter of a cheese "Caseus armentarius" (dairyman's alpine cheese), generally known as Swiss cheese.

Italy also was an important customer for Swiss cheese in that period, its purchases including the so-called "Sbrinz" variety, particularly suitable for grating. "Sbrinz" cheese originated at Brienz in the Bernese Oberland, but was later also exported from Unterwalden as "Unterwaldner hard cheese."

Paracelsus, the distinguished phy-

loaves and produces the characteristic holes. After this process the cheese is put into a cool cellar for two months, then inspected and weighed.

So expert have the Swiss cheese makers become that they can judge the appearance of the inside of a cheese by tapping the outside with a "cheese trier." The weight and inspection results are carved into the curve of each loaf, and every loaf of genuine Swiss cheese gets the word "Switzerland" printed all over on its rind in large red letters.

Modern Processes

Transporting the cheese from factory into dealers' cellars is accomplished in swift and modern manner. Again weights are checked, then cheeses are treated with salt and placed on wooden shelves. Here they are turned two to three times weekly, also spread over with salt. The latter produces drops of water on the surface of the loaves, and is rubbed into the rind of the cheese with a brush, to hasten its ripening.

Most of the Swiss cheese arriving from Switzerland is five or six months old. Swiss cheese that has attained a truly venerable age is, however, to be found in certain remote alpine regions, especially in the Valais. Such cheeses are generally made on the day a child is



IN THE LOFTY ALPS

A SALVATION ARMY youth hostel, the "Jugendhaus," located amongst the magnificent Alps at Adelboden, Switzerland. This centre is available for use by youth from outside.

sician and naturalist, born at Einsiedeln, the Swiss pilgrimage resort, emphasized in the sixteenth century that cheese, milk and dark bread formed the staple food of his people.

Today, cheese production in Switzerland is no longer the primitive industry it used to be. There are about 2,900 cheese factories all over the country and most of them are equipped with up-to-date machinery and appliances. As a result of careful scientific study present-day Swiss cheese has attained a quality which is known all over the world.

Point of Beginning

Cheesemaking starts at the point when the milk is delivered at the cheesery. First the fluid is cleaned, then weighed or measured. It then is warmed in a large copper boiler and brought to coagulate by means of rennet. After several other manipulations, the coagulated cheese mass is caught in a cheese cloth, then placed into a wooden form and finally under a press. There it remains about twenty-four hours, being frequently turned and each time placed into a fresh cheese cloth.

From the press the cheese proceeds to the "salt cellar" for a salt-bath cure. After ten to fourteen days it goes into a warmed cellar (68° F.) where it remains some eight to twelve weeks for a daily washing, salting and turning. Here the temperature causes fermentation which slightly curves the flat sides of the

born to a couple, and the infant's name and the date of its birth is carefully marked on it. Cheeses of this kind are only served on special occasions, such as christenings, engagements and weddings. A portion is always carefully reserved until the person in whose honour it was originally made dies, and at his or her funeral, even if this should be eighty years later, the funeral guests receive another piece.

Great is the variety of cheeses manufactured in Switzerland. There



"Tree Crusher" Levels Pine Thickets

CONTRACTORS are mowing down trees around Atlantic City Municipal Airport like a suburbanite mows his lawn. With what is undoubtedly the world's biggest "power mower", they're clearing a dense growth of scrub pine and oak from 1,200 acres of the sandy New Jersey soil. The purpose is to facilitate line-of-sight transmission for electronics measurement equipment used by the National Aviation Facilities Experimental Centre here.

The "power mower" they're using is a 150-ton monster called appropriately, a "tree-crusher" by its

are hard cheeses, soft cheeses, rich fatty cheeses, "quarter fat" cheeses, and cheeses with hardly any fat (known as Magerkase). Then there are those delicious little rindless cheeses packed in boxes holding six or twelve small portions.

Not to be overlooked is the tasty Schabzieger (Sap Sago), and herb cheese made in the canton of Glarus. Finely grated and thickly spread on bread and butter it is a delicacy which has to be tasted in order to be appreciated.

The Swiss people reveal themselves as true artists in the endless varieties of uses to which they have put their cheese. It is being added to soups and sauces; it lends glamour to puddings, pies and salads, and when eaten au naturel it is often a main dish, especially in homes of limited means.

Cheese manufacture in Switzerland, together with that of butter, absorbs forty-eight per cent of the country's milk production.

The Friend

manufacturer, R. G. LeTourneau, Inc. of Longview, Texas. It consists of two steel drums, twenty feet wide by eight feet in diameter, connected like the wheels of a bicycle. Big electric motors and gear units inside the rollers drive them along with power supplied by a 700 horsepower diesel generating plant carried between the two rollers.

When this huge apparatus starts to roll, the trees and brush are crushed to the ground along with practically anything else that gets in its path. Hundreds of axe-head cleats welded to the steel rollers chew up the flattened trees as the machine rolls over them, leaving a "fibre rug" of splintered wood, leaves, and twigs where a few moments before a thicket grew.

Aside from the speed of clearing offered by the giant tree-crusher, the contracting firms chose the machine to meet stringent erosion control requirements.

The terrain would erode badly if all its growth were removed. On the other hand, when cut debris is not removed, regrowth is difficult to control. By using the giant machine to splinter trees and compact the debris into a mat, the contractors plan to protect the surface from erosion while at the same time leaving it in a condition that will permit control of regrowth. Control of runoff is of major significance—the area is on the watershed of the Atlantic City reservoir.

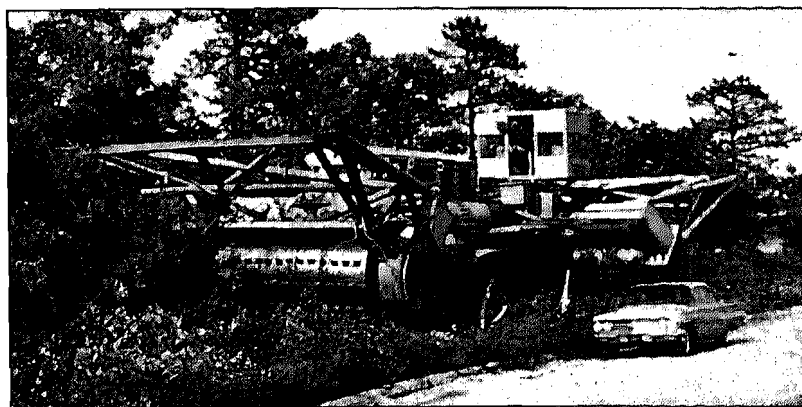
Although this is the first time contractors have used the tree-crusher in the United States, these machines have been used for several years in huge jungle development projects. One such project is underway now under the auspices of the Venezuelan government. Similar projects are also underway in Peru and Liberia.

NEW LIGHTHOUSE

FOR the first time in fifty years Britain has a new lighthouse which has been built on Dungeness, near the busy shipping lanes to the Straits of Dover and the Thames.

The familiar black and white banded walls were not painted in this case, but made of black and white concrete, saving expense and time in future maintenance. The fog signal has sixty loud hailer units, controlled by one switch. The warning light is produced by a single lamp unit not much bigger than a household electric lamp bulb. But it gives a light of 600,000 candlepower—almost three times the power of the paraffin light of the present Dungeness lighthouse.—C.N.

THIS ROAD through a New Jersey forest will soon look like a prairie thoroughfare as the big land-clearing device pulverizes trees at a rate of three acres per hour. The machine is called a tree-crusher by its manufacturer, R. G. LeTourneau, Inc. Note the size of the automobile beside it.



IN LONDON'S SOHO DISTRICT

Army Groups Witness in Notorious Neighbourhood During Annual Fair Week

SALVATIONISTS recently held several open-air meetings in scattered parts of Soho, London, during the annual Fair Week. This is the period when crowds of pleasure-bent people throng the maze of back streets in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly. Many nationalities are represented amongst the residents of this cosmopolitan district.

The Army's all-year-round ministry in this part of London, and the concentrated effort made during the week of festivities, is now such an accepted part of West End life that Soho Fair Week organizers requested that Salvationists would again contribute as in previous years. The officials therefore contacted the campaign leader, Colonel G. Lancashire, and announcements of the Army's evangelism and musical presentations appeared in the Fair's special brochure.

Requested Hymn Tunes

Regent Hall Band and Songster Brigade, with timbrelists, marched down Oxford Street to launch the attack late on Monday evening. In Soho Square comrades from Street-

ham Vale held separate witness, the matron of the nearby hospital requesting hymn-tunes for her patients. Corps cadets presented the Gospel message, contacting bystanders, distributing literature, invading cafes, snack-bars, jive-dens and drinking bars.

Adapted To Local Atmosphere

Seeking to adapt itself to local atmosphere a group of Salvationists marched along the street gutters, the participants including a flag-carrier, an accordionist, timbrelists, a bearded saxophonist—a dance band enthusiast before his conversion—and a ukelele-playing Salvationist bringing up the rear of the column.

Successive stands attracted increasing crowds, all of them friendly and glad to welcome the Army. The evening concluded for this group

near Piccadilly Circus at a late hour with scores of listeners still clustered around as an officer, standing in the roadway between a hot-dog stall and a public-house, offered a benedictory prayer.

A New York business man, with his wife and teen-age daughters stood at the front of one circle of listeners for more than forty minutes and, at the conclusion of the meeting, expressed gratitude for the witness.

In other streets Salvation Army Students' Fellowship members entered night clubs and public-houses, distributing literature and contacting young people of their own age-group.

Hundreds of the Army's periodicals were distributed during the week, including issues of *The War Cry* in the French, German and Scandinavian tongues.

THE CONGO

IN view of the troubled conditions in the Congo, at the General's request, Colonel F. Evans, of International Headquarters (who speaks French fluently) has left to report on conditions in those lands.

There is limited news of activity among refugees from the area. As previously mentioned in *THE WAR CRY*, reports state that Congolese Salvationists are acquitting themselves well.

The Territorial Commander, Colonel V. Dufays, who was due to proceed on homeland furlough, has elected to remain with his people.

REGINALD WOODS,
Commissioner

THE FORMER "CHIEF"

WORD is to hand stating that Commissioner J. Allan (R), a former Chief of Staff, has been admitted to hospital in Philadelphia, and is receiving special treatment. Canadian Salvationists will remember the Commissioner in prayer.

SERVICEMEN'S RALLY

AN announcement in the British *War Cry* states that a rally for Salvationist ex-servicemen is planned for November 12th and 13th, to be conducted by the British Commissioner at Regent Hall, London.

It is hoped to re-form Salvationist bands of B.A.O.R., and of the Middle East, and also to have the present Red Shield Band for the occasion.

Former servicemen eager to take part in the rally should write Lt.-Colonel L. Walker, Director, British Red Shield Services, 66 Buckingham Gate, London, S.W. 1, England.

UNCOVERED SIGNS

WORKMEN demolishing the buildings which included 69 Goulburn Street, Sydney, Australia, recently uncovered signs dating back to the days when the structure housed the first territorial headquarters of the Army in Eastern Australia.

Salvationists were interested to see again the sign "The Salvation Army" on the steel veranada which had been covered over for many years, and the slogan "The world for Christ" revealed across the front of the building during demolition.

Coincidentally, the Southern Australia Territorial Headquarters in Melbourne has the same street number, 69.

U.S. BRENGLE INSTITUTE

DELEGATES representing each of the four American territories were recently welcomed to the annual sessions of the Brengle Memorial Institute in Chicago by the Central Territorial Commander, Commissioner C. Bates.

A feature of the opening session held at the training college was the presentation of a wood carving of a likeness of Commissioner S. L. Brengle, in whose honour the institute was named. The gift, a work of his own hands, was presented by the Southern Territory Field Secretary, Colonel G. Stephan.

The welcome meeting, in which a number of officers took part, was opened by the Central Territory Chief Secretary, Colonel G. Ryan.

WANTED A SONG

WHILE Salvationists of a Sheffield corps were holding an open-air meeting, a young man in an intoxicated state staggered up to them and asked if they would sing "What a Friend we have in Jesus". The bandmaster invited him to the hall. The inebriated one attended several meetings after that and finally knelt at the mercy-seat, claiming forgiveness of his sins and deliverance from the drink on which he had spent a large sum weekly.

He now is a living witness to Christ's transforming power and the value of open-air meetings.

TRANSFORMED TAVERN

OVER 170 officers from all parts of Great Britain, Switzerland and France gathered recently at a reunion meeting in the Camberwell Citadel, London. There were some lively testimonies of the confirmation of God's call, and of soul-winning and service.

"Outside my quarters in the slums, the drunks fight every night," said one young officer, "but there have been more seekers recorded in the last few months than in many years."

Another speaker, an officer from Belgium, told of a man looking through the window of an Army hall, a converted tavern, and seeing with surprise a mercy-seat in the place where once he had drunk beer. He entered, knelt at the mercy-seat, and sought Christ.

IN PARIS TODAY

THE Paris district of Montmartre, high up and overlooking the gay city, is a rendezvous for tourists. It has a unique night life, with cafes and saloons where innumerable groups of people sit outside at small tables illuminated with bright lights. Huge colourful umbrellas add to the atmosphere of gaiety and brilliance.

In this centre The Salvation Army regularly proclaims its message, and young Salvationists find an avenue of service as they smilingly greet the people and sell copies of *En Avant*, the French equivalent of *The War Cry*.

The Army hall at Montmartre, once a house of ill-fame, is now the rallying point for these youthful Salvationists, who testify to the power of Christ to change the hearts of men, women and young people.



SHAKESPEARE'S TOWN

ON a recent Sunday afternoon an open-air meeting held in front of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, England, drew large crowds of listeners to the Army's message.

REVIVAL BREAK

TWO married couples, one who had been backsliders for twenty years and the other new to the Army, were recently sworn-in at Bristol Citadel. In a recent week-night meeting twenty-one seekers—the entire congregation—knelt at the mercy-seat.

UNABLE TO KNEEL

FOLLOWING village visitation, an elderly woman was brought to Norwich Citadel by the corps officer. Unable to kneel at the mercy-seat because of being a cripple, she nevertheless sought the blessing of a clean heart. Seven seekers were registered in a subsequent salvation meeting.

SMALL TOWN REVIVAL

DURING a ten-day campaign held at Tingha, a small Southern Australian centre, seventy-five adults and children made decisions for Christ. There were twelve new cases of conversion among the adults, and one comrade who had claimed the blessing of holiness visited and brought eighteen people to the meeting on the following night. Although Tingha is a town of only 1,000 population, half the people attended the meetings.

HELPED DRINK ADDICT

A MEMBER of the songster brigade at Ilford Corps, near London, while returning from visiting her father in hospital on a recent Sunday afternoon was addressed by a man in the train, who revealed that he had often sat in the back row during meetings at Ilford. He was obviously under conviction.

Though the man was far from being in an attractive condition, being addicted to drink, the young Army woman piloted him to the hall where he knelt at the mercy-seat.

FORMER FOOTBALLER

A FORMER professional footballer was one of four new soldiers sworn-in during a meeting at Rutherglen, Scotland. The occasion was the 71st anniversary of the corps.

VALUED SERVICE

BRIGADIER E. Ascott, of the British Red Shield Services, Gibraltar, was introduced to H.R.H. the Princess Royal during her recent visit to Gibraltar, the Governor General, General Sir Charles Keightley, referring in high terms to the valued work of the Red Shield Services on "the Rock."

MAYOR ATTENDS

THE Army band at Southend, England, recently headed a parade of nearly 2,000 scouts to their annual service held in the largest cinema in the borough. The Mayor, Alderman A. Mussett, J.P., afterwards attended the holiness meeting in the Army citadel and read the Bible portion.

BACK TO FAMILY ALTAR

IN addressing the Army's Advisory Board and Kiwanis Club members at Charleston, West Virginia, recently, Colonel L. DeBevoise (R) spoke on the theme, "Nobody knows what a boy is worth". In his talk the Colonel summed up the advisory board's philosophy about youth of today as "back to the old family playground, back to the old family woodshed, and back to the old family altar".

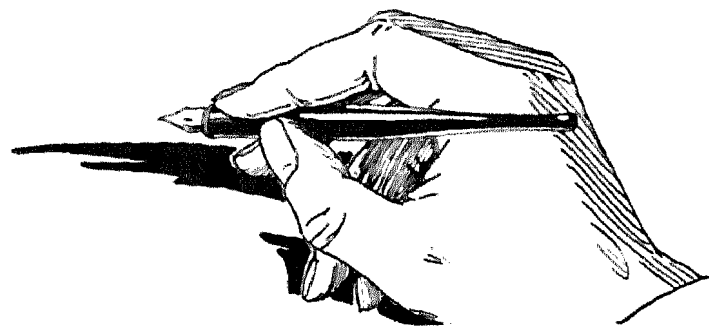
Memorial Plaque

A WOOD CARVING of Commissioner S. Brengle was recently presented to the Brengle Institute, Chicago, by Colonel G. Stephan (centre). Looking on are the Principal of the Institute, Lt.-Colonel B. Tripp (at left), and the Central Territorial Commander, Commissioner C. Bates.



NEEDS NO CHURCH

BY ROBERT MOON



I'M a newspaperman, Doc. I have lived by deadlines and headlines. I'm in no sheltered environment. I've met the so-called good guys and the so-called bad guys and I've had all of them as friends.

I've been through the terrorist country of Algeria and I've been taken for a Jewish spy in Arab Jerusalem. I've seen a good many of the rich and the poor and I've been there when all of them have been happy and sorrowful, faced tragedy and been triumphant. I've been around.

I go to church, Doc. I don't look on it as the only meeting place of all the fine people in the world and the only harbour of goodness.

I've met some pretty good guys who never went to church. I've met more of them in it. And I always figured that for every good guy I met outside the church there were half a dozen in it who had a pretty important influence on his life somewhere along the line.

Yes, Doc, I know. Sometimes you don't like the minister. Sometimes he never seems to touch on the really important business of living. He's away up in the clouds somewhere, talking a language that doesn't ring a bell.

Hoped To Hear Something

I've felt the same way. Only I've stuck around because I always figured that maybe there's half a chance it's me who's got the wrong slant. And if it wasn't me, then the minister was only one part of the life of the church. His sermon was just twenty minutes and there was always the chance he might say something worthwhile if I paid attention. Sometimes paying attention and exercising the grey matter was all that was the trouble.

Basically, Doc, I reckoned that I could live as good a life and be as fine a Christian outside the church as I could in it. But I always rather figured that if all of us got together we could have a greater total influence for good than if we were all apart.

Formed together in the church, we could have a physical thing, a building, which can be actually seen by the community, a living symbol of our belief, a constant reminder to the community of that belief.

Together in the Church we could be a kind of spiritual pressure group. We wouldn't go on strike or march on Ottawa, though we might send a resolution there. And I've seen a church delegation meet a provincial cabinet and make its point.

Together we could be a collective watchdog. Not a hyper-sensitive, extremely self-righteous one. But an

alert one, where spiritual matters are concerned. Governments can make mistakes, Doc, like you and me. I was a political reporter for a few years. I know.

I always reckoned that democracy was Christianity in action. If you read the Sermon on the Mount and try to find the best and fairest way to apply its principles to a whole group you always come back to representative government by the people. So we get principles of justice—legal and social—laid down in laws passed by governments.

It's always seemed to me that it was the church's job to act as a collective conscience, to help teach the principles and build character so we can build a better world.

I never reckoned that a minister or a church member was any better than anybody else. But I firmly believed they were making a greater contribution because they were helping support an institution with a great role to play in the life of mankind.

them, the final fundamental thing was their soul.

Well, Doc, I'm no preacher, but I can tell you the Bible that the Church teaches has got something to say about that too.

I always found that the simple habit of going to church regularly was a pretty safe one to have. Too much can go wrong if you lead a lackadaisical life.

But wait, Doc, maybe I should have started off with this last bit and lured you on to read this by offering candy. I mean, Doc, I've had a lot of fun at church. There can be a lot of laughs, deep down ones that shake you and leave you limp.

It's plain good living. Meeting your friends and laughing with them and sharing their lives as they share yours. You need friends and they don't come any better than the

IN WESTERN ONTARIO

IT was a small boy who gave the newly-acquired Western Ontario Camp its name, "Glenhuron", but it was the women of the home league who were the first to use the facilities of the camp, even before it was officially opened. The theme "Pioneers", with table decorations of covered wagons and novel name plates aided in carrying out this idea.

The Territorial Secretary, Lt.-Colonel E. Burnell, was special guest, giving guidance and valuable information in home league work.

The first evening featured "Pioneers, past and present". The pioneers of the past (leaguers from Windsor) depicted Florence Nightingale, Helen Keller, Queen Elizabeth I, Sister Kenney, Madame Marie Curie and Catherine Booth. The territorial secretary gave word-pictures of other home league camps across Canada, and closed with a word of challenge.

Morning devotional periods were times of spiritual blessing as the campers considered the preparation of Moses to lead God's chosen people into the Promised Land. The naming of the cabins and the tables in the dining-room after the various tribes of Israel helped to give emphasis to the theme. Each day was full of activity, crafts and demonstrations being much enjoyed.

On the second evening there was a calendar party, with invitations, paper hats, and all the trimmings, taken from the current issue of *The Home Leaguer Supplement*.

For the third evening, there was Christmas in June, complete with a Christmas tree, decorations, and a full-course turkey dinner. Instead of giving and receiving gifts each league brought articles for a special missionary sale, and everything was sold—the last few pieces by auction. Then followed a happy "Christmas party" the singing of carols, accompanied by guitar, banjo and accordion, after which Lt.-Colonel J. Habkirk (R) (a real pioneer in Salvation Army warfare) interested the women with his own composition, "I'm glad I'm a Salvation soldier" and several poems. Mrs. Captain W. McKenzie brought the happy evening to a close by giving an enlightening talk on Brazil, showing pictures taken while she and her husband were in the mission field.

Each evening before the good-night snack, Lt.-Colonel Burnell gave a Bible message.

HARBOUR LIGHT NEEDS

THOSE whose journeyings take them by the corner of Jarvis and Shuter Streets, Toronto, are able to observe the steel frame of the three-storey structure rising behind its enclosing fence. It will not be long before this new commodious Harbour Light centre will be opened, but quite apart from the cost of the actual building is that of the furnishings, which will come to something like \$45,000.

There are beds to buy for the sixty alcoholics who will seek reclamation at this place, as well as seats for the hall (150), furniture for offices and the home league room, and special beds for the infirmary. A holiness table and penitent-form will also be needed.

Friends of the Harbour Light work are appealed to in this regard. Those interested in helping, especially those desiring to make memorial gifts, with the name of the donor displayed, should contact Sr.-Major J. Monk, 280 Queen St. E., Toronto.

There are an awful lot of us in the world to try and live without any rules. We have a hard enough time with them.

The Bible has the best set of rules for us to live by and build our world by that exists. The Church teaches what's in the Bible. I always figured that was a pretty fair recommendation, Doc.

I think I said back at the start that I've met a lot of people. I always found that the really great thing about them was in their inner being, in their qualities of kindness and compassion and understanding and perseverance and industry and true joyful living and before very much more of this you're going to think I'm a preacher, too. When you stripped away even these things, you found the really basic thing about

ones you'll meet at your church.

Actually, Doc, I met my wife through a church. It can be that much a part of one's life.

I don't claim this physical thing we call the Church is perfect, though the Man it commemorates was. It too can make mistakes.

But I always overlooked these, and they were usually pretty trivial in the long run. It seemed to me it was the least that I could do, to overlook a mistake, because an awful lot of people were wrong.

He lived again and He gives us all new life. Perhaps some of us may have needed it, so we're lucky.

An institution which teaches that message is a pretty great one. You're fortunate you've got it to go to.

It's not a duty or an obligation. Doc, it's a downright privilege.

SALVATIONISTS OF HAMILTON, BERMUDA on the march. In these beautiful islands there is a flourishing Army work, and six corps carry on open-air work, indoor meetings and marches. A vigorous youth work exists, with scouts brownies and cubs, who take advantage of the all-year summer weather to engage in their outdoor activities. There is also a home for girls and social welfare operations. Brigadier and Mrs. C. Watt are in charge of the work in Bermuda.



IF I could record this story with the glee with which the chief performer used to tell it, then would I be rightly named. It is a concise illustration of an oft-quoted Army saying: "If we haven't much money, we've lots of fun."

The scene of it is an old-world village in the charming county of Northamptonshire; the time, when the lads and lasses of the old training home depots were setting alight the salvation flame in the villages and towns of the English midlands; the exact moment, when the opening party was conducting the open-air meeting on the village green, while from the windows of *The Red Lion* an interested company watched and listened, the landlord of the inn making merry over the event.

He was not so merry a few weeks later when more than a few of his customers had signalized their breaking away from his overlordship by kneeling at the Army penitential form, claiming victory over such vices and sins as thrived under the roof and in the tap-room of his tavern.

Villagers Unresponsive

The rough outdoor opposition he tried to organize found little support among the villagers, whereupon he declared "they hadn't the pluck of a louse, or they'd drive these 'ere Salvationers out of the village, same as they were doing over to Northampton," where much rioting was in progress. He viewed the situation with dismay.

It had all the aspect of a settled condition of affairs when Benny Brown, who had been one of his chief customers, arrived at the *Lion* on the Saturday evening following his conversion to inquire what was his score, referring to the rough-and-ready calculation of his indebtedness to the establishment. The inn-keeper had been only too willing to allow him to run up a "score" far in advance of his ability to pay, and at the expense of his ill-clad wife and children, for Benny had a fund of humour and of song which kept all



the other customers in good spirits, and well worth the long credit he demanded.

His entry was hailed with delight, the landlord jumping to the conclusion that the restraints imposed by his new-found religion had been too much for the new convert; he was sure that Benny had "broke it."

"What's my score, landlord?" Benny inquired.

"Aye, matey, never you bother your head about the score, it's me that's only too glad to let you have a bit of tick. Never mind about the score; say what you'll have, and it's on the house."

"No, no, landlord," said Benny, "I've done with drinking and all such. I've been to the Army, and I'm saved, and there's no more drink for me. Tell me my score, and as soon as I can I'll see it's paid off. I'll have money to spare now I've ceased passing it over your counter."

"That's silly talk, Benny boy," replied the discomfited landlord. "Silly talk, I tell you. You'll be back here again before long. The Army is only a flash in the pan, like the froth on this pot of beer I'm offering you." Mixed metaphors, indeed!

Benny was slightly taken aback when the landlord told him the sum of his debt, but he answered bravely, "Here's the first shilling off that, and

A DEATH IN THE "FAMILY"

A mirth-provoking tale (in two parts) of early Army days, told by the late Colonel Edward Joy.

I'll pay the rest as soon as I can. I'll pay that and be buying some clothes for the missus and the children in the meantime, God helping me!"

He kept his promise, and regularly every Saturday evening, having received his miserable pittance from his farmer employer, he called at *The Red Lion*. He saw his score gradually decreasing and felt his independence increasing proportionately. He had a memorandum book in which he kept check on his payments.

There were signs of comfort, too, about the Brown cottage, to which he had long been a stranger; a happier-hearted wife and brighter and no longer scared children. Bits of furniture found their way into the little house.

One day a young Army visitor was invited by one of the children to "come and see our new parlour," an invitation which that same individual has remembered for many a year. Songs of the Army and words of salvation filled the humble rooms.

Dwelling-place of Love

It was only a farm labourer's cottage, and of the style of fifty years ago when they were even less comfortable and commodious than now, but it became the dwelling-place of love and delight, a place of beauty—flowers in front and vegetables and fruit in the rear. Previously Benny's employer-landlord had had occasion to rebuke him on the unkempt condition of this portion of the estate.

The new Christian continued his visits to the *Lion*, and one week—he

and his wife celebrated it by a special feast and having the officers to tea—he got a complete quittance from the landlord. The old bugbear of a score had been settled for ever.

"Aye, but Benny, you're a fool to despise the good things of nature," said the publican as he handed the Salvationist his final receipt. "Beer is made from good malt, and that is a gift of God. He'd never have made it if He hadn't intended it for man's enjoyment. 'Twas never meant that men should be always singing religion and praying."

"Mark my words, Benny my lad, you'll pay for it as sure as my name is Bob Ayres. Something'll happen to you—a death in the family, perhaps; I don't know. You mark my words, yes, that's what it'll be—a death in the family. God'll get at you there!"

"Well," said Benny with a chuckle, "if there's a death in the family through me serving God, I'll let you know, and you can come to the funeral."

Blessings Continue

Times continued to go well with the Brown family, and with the village corps in spite of the mournful prognostications of the publican and the scorn of the upper ten—the squire and the like. The day when Benny walked to the open-air meeting wearing his sergeant-major's stripes emblazoned on his sleeve was a tremendous event. Old ladies came to their doors to see the sight, and there were not nearly enough shop windows to serve Benny as reflectors of his glory.

One day it occurred to him, although the "soaringness" of such an ambition almost took his breath away, that now had arrived a tide in his affairs when he might invest in a pig; set up his own farmyard, so to speak, and finally secure his standing in the village as a man of substance.

Mrs. Brown jumped at the idea; figuratively she took that pig in her arms and saw in it all manner of possibilities—a repository for her kitchen waste, meat for the winter, clothing for the children, even "something for Self-Denial" (Army folks will understand!)

"Oh, yes, Benny dear, let's get a pig!" And the pig was installed in a sty at the foot of the garden, the said sty being a memorial to Benny's ability as an architect and builder. The grunting of the animal as it batted and fattened was a rumbling basso to the songs which Benny sang as he fed and tended it.

(To be continued)

LOOK TO THE SAVIOUR!

ARE you looking to Christ for the strength and grace that He gives to those whose names are written in His Book of Life? If not, you may be saved and cleansed from Sin through the sacrifice that He made on Calvary. Look to Him now!

REFERENCES ACROSS

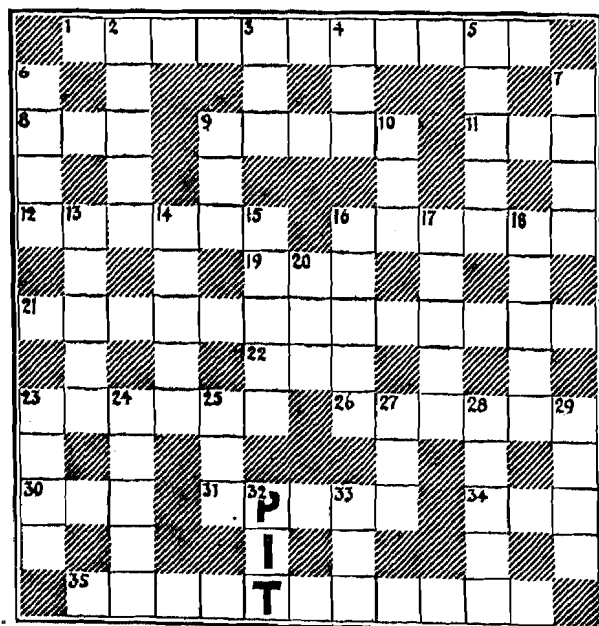
8. Matt. 10. 9. Matt. 7. 11. Mark 4. 12. Acts 17. 16. 1 Kings 18. 19. Eph. 2. 22. 2 John. 26. Is. 13. 30. 1 Tim. 2. 31. 2 Sam. 6. 34. Ruth 2. 35. Ps. 31.

DOWN

2. Ps. 67. 3. Gen. 13. 4. Matt. 25. 5. Est. 3. 6. Josh. 21. 7. Phil. 2. 9. Rom. 5. 10. Is. 28. 13. 1 Chron. 7. 14. Jud. 11. 15. Rom. 3. 17. Ps. 78. 20. Luke 2. 23. Rev. 3. 24. Ps. 95. 25. Matt. 6. 27. Luke 2. 29. Ps. 33. 32. Gen. 37. 33. Mark 14.

SCRIPTURAL CROSSWORD PUZZLES

Where a dash occurs, the missing word is the required solution. Biblical references are given in a separate section, to be used if required. Solution to the puzzle will appear next week.



ACROSS

1. Good ones are often made just now
8. "What ye hear in the ———, that preach ye"
9. Would a father give one for bread?
11. "Even the wind and the ——— obey Him"
12. Paul perceived that the men

DOWN

2. All the ends of this "shall fear Him"
3. This man chose all the plain of Jordan in which to live
4. The man with five talents made them into this
5. The first month of the Mosiac year
6. A Levitical city of Benjamin
7. "Let ——— esteem other better than themselves"
9. Where this abounded, grace did even more
10. "They ——— in vision, they stumble in judgment"
13. Son of Telah and descendant of Ephraim
14. "Did not ye . . . ——— me out of my father's house?"
15. "What shall we ———? God unrighteous?"
16. Missionaries often have cause to make these
17. "Marvellous things did He . . . in the land of ———"
18. The presiding member takes this
20. There was no room in the one at Bethlehem
23. "These things saith the ———, the faithful and true witness"
24. "Let us ——— before the Lord our Maker"
25. It is the light of the body
27. "Jesus increased in wisdom ——— stature"
28. Name given to a rustic
29. Sing unto the Lord a new one
32. Joseph was placed in one
33. "And Peter followed Him afar ———"

DAILY DEVOTIONS

For Family or Private Worship

SUNDAY—

Psalm 65: 1-13. "WE SHALL BE SATISFIED WITH THE GOODNESS OF THY HOUSE." In this psalm, David describes the beauty and joyousness of "God's out-of doors;" the majesty and strength of mountain and sea; the bright glory of the rising and setting sun; the sweet promise of spring, and abundant wealth of autumn; the glad song of fertile hill and valley. As all nature's charms are but hints of God's Heaven, how—"Blessed the man whom Thou chooseth . . . that he may dwell in Thy courts."

MONDAY—

Psalm 66: 1-9. "HE RULETH BY HIS POWER FOR EVER."

"Take heart, O soul of sorrow and be strong;

There is One greater than the whole world's wrong.

No truth so low but He will give it crown;
No wrong so high but He will hurl it down.

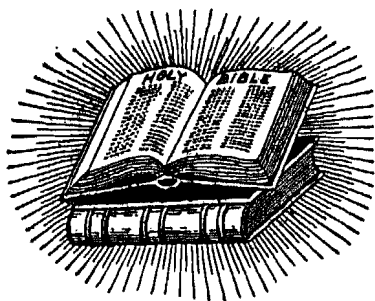
O men, that forge the fetter, it is vain!
There is a Still Hand stronger than your chain."

TUESDAY—

Psalm 66: 10-20. "THOU HAST TRIED US AS SILVER IS TRIED." The refiner subjects the silver to intense heat that, freed from dross and alloy, it may become precious and valuable. So God, in the furnace of trial or affliction, purifies His children from all that would hinder their reflecting His likeness. "The brightest of the saints owe much of their brightness to the fire." (Samuel Rutherford.)

WEDNESDAY—

Psalm 67: 1-7. "THAT THY WAY MAY BE KNOWN UPON EARTH, THY SAVING HEALTH AMONG ALL NATIONS." Sixty-five years ago I chose the salvation of men and the extension of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ as the supreme object for which I



would live and labour. That purpose is still—and will be to the end—the object which has shaped and mastered the thoughts, ambitions, and activities of my whole life." (William Booth, on his eightieth birthday.)

THURSDAY—

Psalm 68: 1-13. "THE REBELLIOUS DWELL IN A DRY LAND." How true to experience is this statement! A rebellious spirit has never brought any joy, peace, comfort, strength or satisfaction to a single soul. These come to us through submission and obedience to the will and Word of God. "Blessed are the hearts that bend for they shall never break."

FRIDAY—

Psalm 68: 14-23. "THOU HAST RECEIVED GIFTS FOR MEN: YEA FOR THE REBELLIOUS ALSO." Through Christ alone can we lay claim to any good or perfect gift. But for Him there would be nothing of worth or beauty in this sin-stricken world. His pierced hands are filled with wonderful, blood-bought gifts, even for the rebellious.

"Lord, as to Thy great Throne of Grace
I outstretched hands upreach,
Count me among the needy ones,
And give as I beseech."

SATURDAY—

Psalm 68: 24-35. "THY GOD HATH COMMANDED THY STRENGTH." Someone has said, "Any life that is worth living must be a struggle, a swimming, not with, but against the stream." Both moral and spiritual strength are needed for this, and God has promised "As thy days so shall thy strength be." But the gift is conditional: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." May we never be too busy to find some time to seek the Lord and His strength.

Is Our Worship Lifeless?

"For I, saith the Lord, will be unto her a wall of fire round about, and will be the glory in the midst of her." (Zechariah 2:5)

EVER since the cloud hovered over the tabernacle in the wilderness, God has been in the midst of His people. He loves to come and make His divine presence felt, especially where His people are gathered together for worship. He knows man needs Him thus.

The best in man's nature cries out for God's glory in the place of worship. We expect to meet God in the sanctuary. We are disappointed if the service is cold and lifeless. Good singing and effective preaching are not enough if they lack the warmth and fellowship of the Lord. Man's best efforts are a clanging cymbal without the anointing and blessing of God.

We sometimes wonder why the sanctuary is void of blessing. A woman who lived in David's time, said: "The glory is departed from Israel; for the ark of God is taken!" This ark contained the slabs of stone containing the Ten Commandments that were given to Moses,

By

LOUIS McCURDY,

Kelowna, B.C.



Aaron's rod that budded, and the golden pot of manna gathered in the wilderness. The lack of these items from the midst of Israel accounted for her defeat.

So today, many preachers have weakened in their proclamation of God's eternal law. Christians are failing to keep up a daily prayer-life by which they draw fresh manna for their souls, therefore their souls do not bud with spiritual life, as Aaron's rod burgeoned. Absence of the law, absence of the presence of God prevent revival. These evidences of the glory of God must be

returned to the Church.

Many churches could renew their emphasis on the law of God, which is a "school-master that leads us to Christ," as Paul says. A prayer meeting could take the place of the present poorly-attended mid-week sermonette. The saints of God could pray for fresh manna for their hungry souls. Then those who are dead in trespasses and sins would be attracted by the new life in the church. New life would come to the church. Law, blessing and revivals. God's promise will come if we meet the conditions.

He has shown a willingness to dwell among His people by the promise expressed in the verse quoted at the beginning of this message. Jesus said He was in the midst of them that gather together in His name. There is just one other step—that of expectant faith, and His presence can be manifested to each waiting heart. Jesus also said: "He that hath My commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me; and he that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him."

The great need of the Church is to feel the presence of God in the sanctuary. In a few minutes such an experience can teach a sinner more theology than dozens of sermons. He can feel the glory of God.

William Booth, the Founder of The Salvation Army, urged his people to "pray the glory down." That glory in the Army's midst has helped thus far to evangelize many parts of the world. Let us pray that God will manifest Himself to us by giving us the glory in the midst. He can do it if we have met the conditions.

TAKE THE STEP

DEEP down in your heart you have a longing to be saved. You know you should take the step, but have hesitated to do so. Why? The reason is best known to yourself.

Perhaps these few lines will help you. The first thing to do is to acknowledge your need of salvation to God, recognizing that you have grieved Him, sinning in thought, word and deed. You have broken His laws. Now determine to have done with all that is evil.

The next step after confession is to ask forgiveness for Christ's sake. Then childlike faith is necessary for you to claim the promised salvation. Thank God, He can save you now!

THAT GOOD PART

BY ARTHUR RIMAN, Hamilton, Ont.

I HAVE been reading the story of Martha and Mary, who lived with their brother Lazarus in Bethany.

Few people—even members of the same family—are alike. Martha and Mary were no exception. Their home in Bethany was not unlike a home I was once acquainted with, wherein dwelt two unmarried sisters with their father. One sister remained at home cleaning, cooking and doing the laundry, as well as other chores related to life in the country. The older sister was happy to be a school-teacher, and the "stay-at-home" was contented with her lot in life, with her innumerable tasks. Her mind was always busy thinking of what she would do next, and when that was done something else needed attention.

There the resemblance ended. Martha carried her love for her home too far. A speck of dust on the furniture was not tolerated. Whether it rained on Monday or not, the washing had to be done; it could never suffer postponement. There was so much to do and so little time in which to do it. When company came, Martha would be more concerned about appearances and the exacting duties of being a good hostess than anything else.

You might ask: "What could be wrong about that?" I would reply: "Not a thing, except that Martha carried it to a point of tenseness and over-anxiety, missing the real blessings life had to offer."

Mary, on the other hand, was different. The realm to which she was devoted was good. She delighted in the sunshine and the world of living things around her. She passionately loved life and people, and had time to enjoy and cultivate both. She especially loved

to sit at the feet of One who was always a welcome Guest in the home. The presence of Jesus meant more to her than anything. Mary had no reservations. The Master and the truths He proclaimed were her life.

One day, while Jesus and Mary were talking in the garden or in the house, Martha appeared and interrupted the conversation. "Lord," she said, "dost Thou not care that my sister has left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she help me."

Martha knew instinctively that it was useless to appeal to Mary, for her sister's thoughts at the moment were far from mundane things; else she would not have been so preoccupied with Jesus. However, Martha earned for herself a gentle rebuke instead of support.

It cannot be over-emphasized that we do not live by bread alone. There may be things of importance such as a clean, well-managed household or a business needing attention, but there is apt to come a time in our lives when our feverish activities are curtailed. It is at such times that the things of the spirit present themselves.

Mary understood a great deal and placed the emphasis in her life where it belonged. Expressing her love for Jesus and her faith in Him meant more to her than temporal things. She was the same woman who anointed Jesus with costly ointment in the face of criticism, and wiped His feet with her hair. She indeed "chose that good part" as Jesus Himself said of her, which was not to be taken away.

Is it to be wondered at that Mary is the better remembered of the two sisters? We feel respect for Martha, but an affinity for her sister Mary.

MISSING PERSONS

The Salvation Army will assist in the search for missing relatives. Please read the list below, and if you know the present address of any person listed, or any information which will be helpful in continuing the search, kindly contact the Men's Social Service Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto; marking your envelope "Inquiry."

BALSDON, William Richard. Age 30. Born in Melfort, Sask. Height 5'8", hair dark blond. May be driving a truck or working on a farm. High strung and depressed. Last heard from 2 years ago from Vancouver, B.C. Parents very anxious. 16-417

BRUSDEILINS or BRUSDEILIUS, Willy. Born March 20, 1921 in Herzischen/Memel. Lithuanian. Came to Canada 1954. Brother anxious for news. 16-325

CLARK, Wilfred Samuel. Born in Bristol, England. Son of Frederick and Eleanor Clark (both deceased). Musician. Occupation window cleaner. Has worked as drummer in theatres in Hamilton, Ont. Used to be member of Evangel Temple, Toronto. Last heard of about 30 years ago in Toronto. Son inquiring. 16-320

DOVE, David. Age 17 but looks older. 6'2" tall, weight over 200 lbs., extremely blond hair, blue eyes, very strong and sturdy. Disappeared from his home in Niagara area about 3 months ago. Wearing gray cotton trousers, beige windbreaker, black shoes. Family very anxious. 16-415

ELLIOTT, Mrs. Amy. Born Feb 2/1882. Widow. Husband's name was Fred. Has son Ernest age about 54, who has played in Salvation Army band at Hamilton, Ont. Last heard from 25 years ago when she lived on King St. East, Hamilton. Sister wishes to locate. 16-382

EVANS, Harry Maurice (Jack). Born April 16, 1912 in Ontario. 5'8", pale complexion. One toe missing, has slight limp. In Canadian Army in World War 2. Was waiter in hotel in London, Ont. in 1953. Relative wishes to contact. 16-343

HOLLY, George James. Born June 19/1910 in Bootle, England. Occupation factory worker. Also Missionary. Wife's name Irma. Has 4 children. Last heard from 1938 from Kingston, Ont. Sister wishes to locate. 16-345

KRAUSE, Fred Luis. Born March 23/1931 in Montreal, but brought up in Finland. Returned to Canada in 1957. Carpenter. Last heard from in 1958 from Toronto. Mother very anxious. 16-396

LEPAGE, Albert. Born March 11/1896 at St. Peter Port, Isle of Guernsey, Great Britain. Has been entertainer and ventriloquist. May now be in Canada. Brother wishes to locate. 16-236

LOTZ, Mr. Franz. Born Dec. 6/1928 in Yugoslavia. Parents Heinrich Lotz (deceased) and Elisabeth Lotz in Austria. Was prisoner of War in Germany from 1946 to 1957. Believed to have emigrated to Canada or United States in 1957. Brother in Canada wishes to locate. 16-229

LOVE, John. Born at Greenbank, Ont. Elderly. Carpenter. Married twice. Last heard from 1922 from Toronto. Sister inquiring. 16-323

LUNDSTROM, Gustav. Age about 70. Came to Canada from Finland in 1912. Last known address Port Arthur, Ont. Friend wishes to locate. 16-275

MULLER, Daniel. Born 1860, Gustav 1890, and Philipp 1903. All born in Blumendorf/Ukraine. Lived in Germany since 1914, emigrated to Canada in 1923. Destination Melville, Sask. Relative in USSR inquiring. 16-334

PHILLIPS or PHILLIPCHUCH, Walter. Born about 1909 in Poland. Single when last heard from. Son of Maxim Phillipchuck. Sailor. Left home near St. Catharines, Ont., to sail on ship bound for South America. Brother wishes to locate. 16-414

POWELL, Stanley Frederick. Born 1895 at Harrow, England. Came to Canada in 1929. Was Assistant Hotel Manager when last heard from in June 1932 from Winnipeg, Man. Relative inquiring. 16-368

RANTANEN, Frank Mikael. Born Oct. 21/1877 in Finland. Last heard from in June 1959 from Port Arthur, Ont. Daughter anxious for news. 16-277

SCHARF, Kenneth Wilmer. Age 29. Born at Ottawa. Last heard of in 1954 at Ottawa. Relative wishes to contact. 16-234

TRAIN, John Wilson. Age 39. Born in Scotland Single. 5'10". Had slight limp when last seen 13 years ago. Has scar across nose and upper lip. Has suffered from malaria. Has lived at Gananoque, Ont. Last heard of a year ago when employed by Bowl O Drome, Toronto. Mother ill and longing to hear from him. Sister inquiring. 16-375

WILLIAMS, Leslie Sam. Born April 1/1918 at Indian Reservation at Parry Island, Ont. Non-treaty Indian. Single. 5'6", slim, has an injured right eye. Left home in Toronto to seek employment in Northern Ontario. Mother anxious for news. 16-387



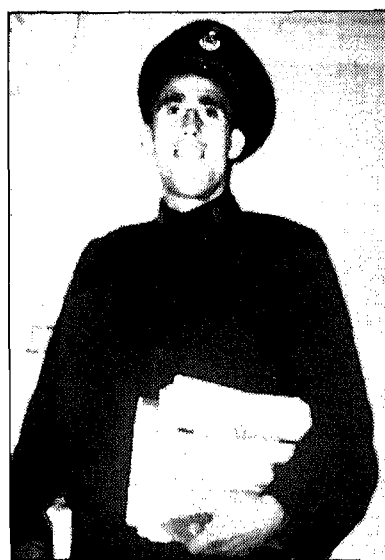
WOODS, Dolly Margaret. Age 17. 5'5", heavy build, red hair, protruding upper teeth. Has been waitress. Disappeared from Kirkland Lake, Ont., under suspicious circumstances May 14/1959. Thought to be in Windsor, Ont. Mother very anxious. 15-952

The Romance of The War Cry

BY COLONEL Wm. NICHOLSON

A former WAR CRY Editor, Colonel Wm. Nicholson has accumulated information regarding the beginnings of THE WAR CRY, and has published it in a book. Excerpts from this are presented under the title which the book bears.

ONE night, along the Prince of Wales Road, London, a youth bought a copy of *The War Cry*, and, as a result, began to attend the Chalk Farm Corps. Just after a meeting commenced one night, there was a cry of "fire!" in the crowded building, and the officer in charge, with ready resource, had the place cleared. It was found that behind or under the platform a quantity of



WAR CRY SERGEANT C. CAINES, of Collingwood, Ont., is an ardent distributor of the "White Winged Messenger," assuming responsibility for some fifty copies per week.

brown paper was smouldering. This was put out, and the hall quickly filled again with people, amongst the number being the youth mentioned.

The leader of the meeting made the "fire" experience her topic, and

searchingly and effectively she put the question for each member of her audience to answer to themselves: "What would have become of me had I lost my life in the fire to-night?" Amongst those who knelt at the mercy-seat that night was the young man mentioned, whose name became a household word. He subsequently became a peer of the realm and exercised immeasurable influence, becoming, in fact, one of the greatest newspaper proprietors of his day and generation.

Though he was not identified with The Salvation Army for long, he ever kept a warm place in his heart for the Founder and the Movement.

A story is told that upon one occasion, when travelling on ship-board, while giving a dinner to a number of friends, one of them spoke slightly of the Army.

Instantly the newspaper magnate struck his glass with his knife and, calling for attention, said:

"I'll not sit at the same table with any one who dares to say a word against that grand old man William Booth, or the splendid movement he has brought into being. As you know, gentlemen, I don't profess to have a great deal of religion, but all I have I owe to that fine man and his Army."

(To be continued)

IS YOURS HERE?

THE following articles were left in the Massey Hall Toronto, during commissioning and have not yet been claimed: Two zippered plastic cases for toilet articles; two pair women's navy gloves; one pair women's glasses.

These may be claimed, on identification, at the Publicity Department, Territorial Headquarters.

RALLY DAY SUPPLIES

Order your Rally Day Supplies early and avoid disappointment, they are available now.

Promotion certificates	each	.06
Promotion Day cards	Doz. 30	1.80
Rally Day post cards—variety	Doz. 30	1.80
Rally Day tags	Doz. 30	1.80
Welcome buttons	Doz. 45	3.50
Welcome buttons with ribbon	each	.06
Absentee and invitation cards	Doz. 30	1.80
Programme folders #9090 Jesus with children around Him	100	2.00
Miniature Salvation Army flags	each	.25
Rally Day programme book #4—Lillenas	each	.40
Rally Day programme book #5—Standard	each	.40
Send a special invitation to each home for Rally Day, promising attending Sunday school that day a little gift.	each child	

12" rulers with Scripture Text	Doz.	.70
6" plastic rulers—variety of colours	Each	.05
Pencils with Scripture text	Each	.06
Pencils with Scripture text and welcome	Each	.06
Pencils with Scripture text and happy birthday	Each	.06
Pencils with Scripture text and rally day	Each	.06
Plastic bookmarks—variety of colours	Each	.05
Bookmarks—Favourite Bible Readings, Books of the Bible, The Beatitudes, Twenty-third Psalm, Lord's Prayer, The Ten Commandments	Doz.	.25
Bookmarks—laminated—variety of 7 kinds	Doz.	.35
Bookmarks—gilt	Each	.03
Folderam—Books of the Bible, The Shepherd's Psalm, Life of Christ, The Beatitudes	Each	.10
Mottos	Each	.10
Mottos	Each	.05
Mottos	Each	.06
Mottos	Each	.08
Mottos	Each	.12
Mottos	Each	.15
Mottos	Each	.20
Booklets—Words of Jesus, Favourite Psalms, Twelve Disciples, Ten Commandments, Parables of Jesus, Favourite Bible Verses, Miracles of Jesus	Each	.06

If you are planning to have a new uniform for congress, please let us have your order as soon as possible, so you will be sure of getting it in time. All work guaranteed. Samples and measurement charts sent on request.

The Trade Department will be open Monday through Friday from 8.30 a.m., to 4.00 p.m., Saturday 9.00 a.m., to 12.00 noon till September 6th.

ALL 78 RPM RECORDINGS ON SALE—3 for \$1.00 Postage extra—LIST OF RECORDS AVAILABLE ON REQUEST.

The Salvation Army Trade Hdqrs., 259 Victoria Street, Toronto 1, Ont.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

PROMOTIONS—

To be Captain:
Lieutenant William Bird, William Kerr, Leslie Rowsell
To be Lieutenant:
Probationary-Lieutenant Betty Hunt

APPOINTMENTS—

Brigadiers Mehitable Abbott, Carter's Cove; Ernest Batten, Embree; Kenneth Gill, Gambo; Cecil Tatey, Mount Pearl; Wallace Pike, Clarendville; Clayton Thompson, Hare Bay.

Senior-Majors Olive Peach, South Dildo; William Porter, Phillip's Head; Obed Rideout, Stephenville.

Majors Grace Burkett, Botwood, (Asst. & Teacher); Arthur Evans, Bonavista; Rita Howell, Little Heart's Ease; Joseph Monk, King's Point; Edward Necho, Mundy Pond; Louise Slade, Lower Island Cove; Emma Williams, Creston.

Senior-Captains Linda Calloway, Dildo, (Asst. & Teacher); Winnifred French, Chance Cove; Samuel Moore, Botwood.

Captains Ronald Braye, Comfort Cove/Newstead; John Carew, Carmanville South; Mildred Clarke, Whitbourne, (Asst.) James Cooper, Cottrell's Cove; Enos Darby, Glovertown; Olive Feltham, Comfort Cove/Newstead, (Asst. & Teacher); Rene Fillier, Little Bay Islands; Gilbert Fowler, Pilley's Island; Samuel Gullage, Garnish; Allan Hicks, Carbonear; Edwin Hiscock, Doting Cove; Hedley Ivany, Englee; Alma King, Chance Cove, (Asst.); Maisie LeDrew, Elliston; Hayward Noseworthy, Campbellton; Edgar Percy, Moreton's Harbour; Joan Percy, Whitbourne; Violet Reid, Corner Brook East, (Asst. & Teacher); Charles Stanley, Glenwood; William Stoodley, Burin; Daisy Thompson, Bridgeport; Louise Woodland, Lethbridge.

Lieutenants Lulu Brace, Hickman's Harbour; Mary Brace, Little Heart's Ease, (Asst.); Ann Bradbury, Elliston; Norman Cassell, Jackson's Cove; Jean Dawe, Brighton; John Gerard, Carmanville North; Ronald Goodyear, Woodstock; Boyd Goulding, Clarendville, (Asst. & Teacher); Daisy Hyde, Creston, (Asst. & Teacher); John Lake, La Scie; Leah Penney, Lower Island Cove, (Asst. & Teacher); Lorraine Rideout, Brighton, (Asst. & Teacher); Ralph Sexton, Clarke's Beach; Donald Snook, Greenspond; Minnie Snook, Lethbridge, (Asst.); Lydwell Stead, Monkstown; Raymond Stratton, Winterton; Maxine Tucker, Lushes Bight; Walter Wiseman, Rocky Harbour; Ruby Yates, Bell Island, (Asst. & Teacher).

Probationary Lieutenant John Jacobs, Jackson's Cove, (Asst.).

RETIREMENT FROM ACTIVE SERVICE—

Senior-Major Henry Majury, out of Vancouver 2, B.C., in 1918. Mrs. Senior-Major H. Majury, (nee Marjorie Hillary) out of Victoria, B.C., in 1925. Last appointment, Gananoque, Ont. On June 30th, 1960.

W. Wycliffe Booth

Territorial Commander

PROMOTED TO GLORY—

Major Philip Woolfrey, out of Pilley's Island, Nfld., in 1904. From Fenelon Falls, Ont., on July 19th, 1960.

COMING EVENTS

Commissioner and Mrs. W. Booth

Fenelon Falls: Sat-Sun Aug 13-14
Jackson's Point: Sun Aug 21 (Senior Fellowship Camp)

Toronto Training College: Tues Aug 23 (Bregle Institute Opening)

Riverdale, Toronto: Thurs Sept 8 (Opening new Citadel)

Kingston: Sat Sept 10 (Stone-laying for new Citadel)

Pictou: Sun Sept 11 (morning)

Port Hope: Sun Sept 11 (evening)

Lt.-Colonel C. Eacott: Scarborough Citadel Aug 14

Lt.-Colonel F. Moulton: Earls Court Aug 14, Toronto Training College Aug 23-Sept 5, Willowdale Sept 11

Brigadier A. Brown: Hamilton Citadel Sept 10-11

Brigadier M. Flannigan: Belleville Sept 12

Major K. Rawlins: Bermuda Sept 1-11

Territorial Tersities

Births: To Captain and Mrs. Ronald Walker, Walkerville, Ont., a daughter, born July 2nd.

Mrs. Brigadier C. Milley, Victoria, B.C. and Major Mildred Battick of Vancouver, B.C. have been bereaved of their father at Edmonton, Alta.

As *The War Cry* goes to press news is to hand of the sudden sickness of the Training Principal, Lt.-Colonel W. Rich, who underwent surgery in Toronto General Hospital. The Colonel's condition is reported as satisfactory. Readers will pray for his full recovery.

Brigadier B. Jennings, Superintendent Men's Social Service Centre, Calgary, was invited to become a member of an advisory committee set up by the Mount Royal College in connection with the development and improvement of a course given in social work for high school graduates. Other members of the committee are a judge of the Family Court, the local head of the Children's Aid Department, a representative of the Catholic Charities and one from the Council of Community Services.

UNITED FOR SERVICE



Lieutenant and Mrs. Paul Tustin, who were united for service on July 7th at Liverpool, N.S. The bride, the former Lieutenant Marie Risser, was stationed at Sackville, N.B. Together, they have been appointed to Newcastle, N.B.



A WINNIPEG STALWART

WORDING OF AN OFFICIAL CITATION, PRESENTED BY LT.-COLONEL A. MOULTON ON BEHALF OF THE TERRITORIAL COMMANDER.

In the city of Winnipeg the name Jack Webster is synonymous with Salvation Army dedicated service. He has been a valued bandsman for over fifty years. His first commission was issued in Dundee, Scotland, June 9, 1909. For twenty-seven years he was band sergeant of Winnipeg Citadel Band and corps recruiting sergeant for the last fifteen years. He has served as *War Cry* correspondent for forty years, and the initials "J.R.W." in *The War Cry* are recognized across the Dominion. He has been an ardent worker in the league of mercy since its inception and, lately has been appointed as part-time chaplain to Winnipeg's Grace Hospital. He is The Salvation Army's official representative on the Winnipeg board of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The Envoy is due to retire in August of this year as one of British American Oil Company's oldest executives. The Envoy will then accept a full-time appointment as Grace Hospital chaplain and will with renewed vigour enter into every phase of evangelistic endeavour. The Envoy includes his loyal and devoted wife in accepting this award. Her untiring attention and interest to details at home always allowed the Envoy the fullest freedom in his beloved service for the Kingdom. His son Captain M. Webster is Editor of *The Young Soldier*.



Influenced Many For Righteousness

Sr.-Major and Mrs. H. Majury Retire

Sr.-MAJOR and Mrs. Henry Majury have entered retirement, after giving a combined total of seventy-five years of service to God and the Kingdom in the ranks of The Salvation Army.

During his career as an officer the Major has laboured mainly in field appointments but he has also given service in the men's social department and in war work.

He was born in Belfast, Ireland and emigrated with his family to Toronto. His mother had been converted in the Army in the homeland, but Henry got away from his earlier teaching, and travelled to the west coast in a harvesting gang, that he might continue his career as an amateur boxer.

It was while on his way to a bout in Seattle, Wash., that he saw the Army band on the streets of Vancouver. Memories were stirred, and the following Sunday found him in the Army hall, where he accepted salvation.

He worked for a while as an electrotypist before entering training college from the Vancouver 2 Corps in 1917.

In his early career the Major commanded such corps as Rossland, B.C., and Maple Creek, Sask., and worked at the Calgary, Edmonton, Victoria, Vancouver and Winnipeg men's social Service centres.

Returning to field work, the Major's appointments included Weyburn and Melville in Saskatchewan, Ketchikan, Alaska, and Selkirk and Neepawa in Manitoba.

His experience in war work took him to the military camps at Borden, Petawawa and Debent.

In more recent years the Major's appointments have been in such

Ontario centres as North Bay, Timmins, Sudbury and Gnananoke. It is from the last-named corps that the Major and his wife enter retirement. Sergeant-Major A. Majury, of Earls court, is a brother.

Mrs. Majury was the former Captain Marjorie Hillary. She was born in London, Eng., and before entering training from Victoria Citadel, B.C., worked as a bookkeeper.

She was stationed at the Saskatchewan corps of Camrose and Biggar before her marriage in 1927.

The Majurys have three children. Joy (Mrs. Lieutenant D. Warren), of Fort Frances, Ont., Iris (Mrs. D. McNab) of Toronto, and Gilbert, of Uxbridge.

In writing of the Majurys, Lt.-Colonel S. Gennery had this to say: "With a keen sense of humour and an alert nature, the Major is always one of the best-known personalities in the towns where he has been stationed. Special attention has been given to youth and he is always surrounded by young people to whom he is kind and generous. An example is the fine little band he has trained at Gnananoke."

"Mrs. Majury, with a pleasing personality, has ably supported her husband. She has used her talents in home league work, being possessed of many exceptionally fine qualities that make her suited to this work. Whether in the writing of verse or in doing handicraft instruction, Mrs. Majury can rise most acceptably to the occasion."

"Comrade officers throughout the territory join in praying God's blessing upon these veterans as they relinquish the role of active officership and enter well-earned retirement."

A READY WITNESS FOR GOD

Major Philip Woolfrey Obeys the Heavenly Summons



AFTER rendering long and devoted service in both field and social service work—and spending many years in retirement—Major Philip Woolfrey (R) was promoted to Glory from his summer home at Fenelon Falls, Ont., on Tuesday, July 19th. The call came suddenly, for the Major had attended meetings on the previous Sunday and had given a bright testimony.

Born in Newfoundland, the Major entered the training college from Pilley's Island. He was commissioned as an officer in 1904 and appointed to Bell Island. Periods of leadership in eight other corps followed before he married Captain Kate Pelley who, herself, had commanded several corps. Together they served in thirteen corps appointments in Newfoundland before being appointed to Ontario, where their corps commands included Mt. Dennis, Woodstock, and Toronto 1, now Queen St. West. They also had charge of St. James, Man., and Hamilton 3, Ontario corps, and later Toronto Eventide Home.

The Major's last appointment was as superintendent of the men's social service institutions, London, Ont. Retirement came in 1944.

The Major's Gospel efforts during his fifty-six years of officership were characterized by vigour and joy. His witness for God came from an over-

flowing heart and strong faith, and he brought blessing into many lives. Besides Mrs. Woolfrey he is survived by Bandsman Hubert, of Brampton, and sister Ida (Lil.) of Dovercourt Citadel.

The funeral service was conducted by Lt.-Commissioner F. Ham (R) who had known Major Woolfrey through the years, in the new East Toronto Citadel, where the warrior had soldiered. The hall was well filled with relatives, comrades and friends.

The opening song was led by Brigadier G. Hartas and heartily sung by the congregation. Brigadier A. Brown thanked God for a life that would be an ever-green memory. Captain A. Shadgett read the Shepherd Psalm, and Songster G. Irwin soloed, "I'm the child of a King," one of the promoted warrior's favourite songs.

Sr.-Major A. Ashby (R) paid an earnest tribute to Major Woolfrey's goodness and sincerity, his ready testimony, and the encouragement that he gave freely to others.

Leadership Training At Home League Camp

HOME leaguers of the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Division gathered for conference at Camp Beaverbrook for three days when they enjoyed a series of colourfully-designed events, emphasizing the home league four-fold programme and leadership training.

Following the welcome supper, a friendly hour was enjoyed. The camp cook, Home League Treasurer Mrs. Pettigrew, of Springhill, created a stir as she presided at the giant mixing bowl, suitably attired in chef's cap and apron, as the money for the camp project from the sale of cook book was received. All agreed that the new refrigerator and the drapes for the dining hall purchased from these proceeds were a welcome addition. The special guest, the Assistant Territorial Home League Secretary, Brigadier M. Little, was warmly greeted and brought a helpful message for vespers entitled "Seeing Stars". The evening was brought to a close by a candle-lighting item on the four-fold programme, "Kindle the Flame."

Enthusiastic Participation

Throughout the camping period, delegates entered enthusiastically into every aspect, taking keen interest in ideas exchanged and demonstrations given. The craft classes under instructors Mrs. Major B. Acton, Mrs. Major S. Tuck, Captain R. Murray and Lieutenant J. Dehm were most helpful. In a very worthwhile section of the conference, all took a prolonged close-up view of the home league programme. Groups convened for study, and each brought reports to the floor with profitable discussion periods following.

The Bible study series by Brigadier Little, "Picture windows into truth", "Word pictures shedding light", "Word pictures giving life", as well as her vesper messages, were topical and most helpful to the campers. She painted pictures of the Living Word which will live long in the memory of her listeners.

The period closed with a panoramic view of home league endeavours, a study in action by the Divisional Secretary, Mrs. Brigadier W. Pedlar, convener of the camp, using the theme, "The home league keeps going and growing with a well-planned programme."

The Earls court Corps (Major and Mrs. R. Marks) was privileged to have as visitors to conduct the Sunday night meeting Rev. Bufo Yamamuro who was enroute to a temperance conference in Sweden. Lt.-Colonel H. Newman (R) led the meeting and presented the visitors, Mr. Yamamuro was accompanied by Mr. Isamu Okubo, Advisor of the Sober New Life Society and the Toshima-Ku Temperance Society in Tokyo Japan, and Mr. Kijiro Sakai, lawyer, and president of the Shibuya-Ky Temperance Society of Tokyo.

In the inside meeting Mr. Ikubo spoke in Japanese and Mr. Yamamuro interpreted for him. Mr. Sakai spoke in the late open-air meeting to some hundreds of persons. Indoors Mr. Yamamuro gave an illustrated message on the life of his father, Commissioner G. Yamamuro, O.E. A special offering was received for the Tokyo Temperance Society.

Lt.-Commissioner Ham spoke movingly of his last conversation with the departed warrior. "He was a man of deep compassion and served sacrificially in his corps. He had high spiritual standards and was a lover of God's Word," said the Commissioner, who also gave a message of comfort for the bereaved ones.

The warrior was laid to rest at the Army's plot in Mt. Pleasant Cemetery.

Moved By a Blind Girl's Poverty

The Story of the Writing of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata

IT happened at Bonn. One moonlight winter's evening I called upon Beethoven, for I wanted to take a walk, and afterwards have him sup with me. In passing through some dark, narrow street, he paused suddenly. "Hush," he said, "what sound is that? It is from my sonata in F!" he said eagerly. "Hark how well it is played."

It was a little, mean dwelling, and we paused outside and listened. The player went on; but in the midst of the finale there was a sudden break, then the voice of sobbing, "I cannot play any more. It is so beautiful, it is utterly beyond my power to do it justice! Oh, what would I not give to go to the concert at Cologne!"

"Ah, my sister," said her companion, "why create regrets, when there is no remedy? We can scarcely pay our rent."

"You are right; and yet I wish for once in my life to hear some really good music. But it is of no use."

Beethoven looked at me. "Let us go in," he said.

"Go in," I exclaimed, "what can we go in for?"

An Impulsive Intrusion

"I will play to her," he said in an excited tone. "Here is feeling—genius—understanding. I will play to her and she will understand it." And before I could prevent him his hand was upon the door.

A pale young man was sitting by the table making shoes; and near him, leaning sorrowful upon an old-fashioned harpsichord, sat a young girl, with a profusion of light hair falling over her bent face. Both were cleanly but very poorly dressed and both started and turned toward us as we entered.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard music, and was tempted to enter! I am a musician." The girl blushed and the young man looked grave—somewhat annoyed.

"I—I also overheard something of

what you said," continue my friend. "You wish to hear—that is, you would like—that is shall I play for you?"

There was something so odd in the whole affair and something so comic and pleasant in the manner of the speaker that the spell was broken in a moment, and all smiled involuntarily. "Thank you," said the shoemaker; "but our harpsichord is so wretched, and we have no music."

"No music!" echoed my friend, "how then, does the Fraulein"—he paused and coloured up, for the girl looked full at him, and he saw that she was blind. "I—I beg your pardon!" he stammered, "but I had not perceived before. Then you can play by ear?"

"Entirely."

"And where do you hear the music since you frequent no concerts?"

"I used to hear a lady practising near us, when we lived in Bruhl two years. During the summer evenings her windows were generally open, and I walked to and fro out-

end of the harpsichord, as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical, sweet sounds. It was as if we were all bound in a strange dream, and only feared to wake.

Suddenly the flare of the single candle wavered, sank, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, and the illumination fell strongest upon the piano and player.

But the chain of his ideas seemed to have been broken by the accident. His head dropped upon his breast, his hands rested upon his knees; he seemed absorbed in meditation. It was thus for some time.

At length the young shoemaker rose and approached him eagerly, yet reverently. "Wonderful man!" he said, in a low tone. "Who and what are you?"

"Listen!" the composer said, and he played the opening bars of the Sonata in F. A cry of delight and

A SONG WAS BORN

Compiled By Adjutant F. Barker (P)

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS

No. 545 in The Salvation Army Song Book

THE writer of these words, Joseph Scriven, was born in Dublin, Ireland in 1820, moving to Canada in 1845. A great sorrow came into his life, which afterward changed the whole course of events for him—on the very eve of the day on which he was to have been married, his chosen one was accidentally drowned. After his bereavement, he consecrated his life and fortune to Christ's service and, in many ways, endeavoured to help his fellow-men.

It was not known that he could write poetry, until, during his last illness, a friend came across the words of this song in manuscript form. The friend was delighted with these verses and found out that they had been written nearly thirty years before for Scriven's mother when she was passing through deep sorrow. Scriven hoped that they would comfort her, but had no idea of anyone else looking at them. Of them he said, "The Lord and I wrote them together."

Over his grave in a little cemetery on the shores of Rice Lake, Ont., in the presence of some 6,000 people, a white granite monument was unveiled in 1920 and on its sides three verses of this hymn were engraved. The Peterborough Temple Band supplied the music, and the idea for its erection came from Colonel Robert Sandall, of The Salvation Army, who made the first donation towards the cost.

grotesque interlude, like the dance of spirits upon the sward. Then came a swift agitato finale—a breathless, hurrying, trembling movement, descriptive of flight and uncertainty, and vague, impulsive terror, which carried us away on its rustling wings, and left us all in emotion and wonder.

"Farewell to you!" said Beethoven, pushing back his chair and turning toward the door—"farewell to you."

"You will come again?" asked they in one breath.

He paused and looked compassionately, almost tenderly at the face of the blind girl. "Yes, yes," he said suddenly. "I will come again and give the Fraulein some lessons. Farewell! I will soon come again!"

They followed us in silence, more eloquent than words, and stood at their door till we were out of sight and hearing. "Let us make haste back," said Beethoven, "that I may write out that sonata while I can yet remember it."

We did so, and he sat over it till long past day-dawn, and this was the origin of that Moonlight Sonata with which we are all so fondly acquainted. —Anon

T-H-E

MUSIC PAGE

side to listen to her." She seemed shy; so Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly before the piano, and began to play.

He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow—how grand he would be that night. And I was not mistaken. Never during all the years I knew him, did I hear him play as he played to that blind girl and her brother. He was inspired; and from the instant when his fingers began to wander along the keys, the very tone of the instrument began to grow sweeter and more equal.

The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter with her head bent slightly forward, and her hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the

recognition burst from them both, and both exclaimed, "Then you are Beethoven!" They covered his head with tears and kisses.

He rose to go, but we held him back with entreaties. Play to us once more—only once more!"

He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the window and lit up his glorious, rugged head and massive figure. "I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight," looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars. Then his hands dropped on the keys, and he began playing a sad and infinitely lovely movement, which crept gently over the instrument like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth.

This was followed by a wild elfin passage in triple time—a sort of

A CAMPAIGN SONG

Tune, "Maryland;" Tune Book #233

HIS grace sufficient for my needs,
I've proved it so; (repeat)
'Tis mine to follow where He leads
His will to know. (repeat)
So trusting Him whate'er betide,
In His safe keeping I abide,
With Jesus ever at my side,
I'll fear no foe (repeat).

For Christ to witness and to win,
With flag unfurled;
The lost to Jesus we will bring—
"Christ for the World!"
Above all others is His name,
We'll spread abroad His wondrous fame;
To save mankind our Saviour came,
What joy to know.

So onward with the word of life
To needy souls;
Who live in darkness, sin and strife,
And fears untold.
For Christ, we'll witness and we'll win,
And seek to bring the wand'rer in,
Defeat the powers of death and sin,
And forward go.

—L. Spencer, (Mrs. Lt.-Colonel) Malaya.

MEMBERS of the Mountpottinger, Belfast, Ireland Band were heading off for a regular band engagement when this photo was taken with Sr.-Major D. Snowden (R), who was visiting his old homeland on a holiday. The Major, a Canadian officer, may be seen in the centre of those attending.



Proclaiming The Good News Of The Gospel Across Canada

IN THE "STAMPEDE CITY"

THE world-famous "Stampede" of Calgary, Alberta—(Major and Mrs. H. Burden, Lieutenant C. Ratcliffe) always attracts thousands of visitors to the city, and the Army seizes the opportunity of taking the message of the Gospel to the crowds. Extra open-air rallies are held, and many folk who seldom or never attend church thus hear the message of Redeeming Love.

Visitors to the corps on "Stampede Sunday" were the missionaries from Rhodesia, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. P. Rive. Mrs. Rive entered the training college from Calgary, and the comrades gave her and her husband a hearty welcome. Their messages

brought much blessing, especially the vivid word-pictures they gave of that Dark Continent which is experiencing such unrest at present—Africa.

During the evening meeting other visitors—Sr.-Major H. Honeychurch and Major C. Gillingham combined forces to lead a hallowed gathering, and it was inspiring to hear the Gillingham sisters sing.

Afterward, a great open-air rally was led by Sergeant-Major W. Bennett at the railway station, where hundreds of persons standing around or passing through heard the glorious Gospel message in music, song and the Word of God.

PARK MEETINGS DRAW CROWDS

IT was a case of the ill-wind "that blows nobody good" that the North Toronto Corps were compelled to move from their summer Sunday night stand in Eglinton Park to another park about a mile north just off Yonge Street. The attendances have been much better there, and it is believed that church people in the district like to attend the meetings, as their own services have been suspended for the summer. Scores of *War Crys* have been given out to folks who stand around, and many helpful contacts have been made

with unsaved persons. The band and songster brigade rallied round, and altogether the meetings were most successful. It has been felt that it pays to leave the hall these hot nights, and hold the salvation meeting outdoors.

Those who have given the messages—apart from the Commanding Officer, Major J. Robertson were Bandsman A. McEwan, Brigadier A. Brown, Brigadier W. Walton (R) (who was in charge of the corps during the officer's furlough) and Captain B. Halsey.

WHEN THE TRUCK BROKE DOWN

MR. X, accompanied by his six-year-old son, arrived in Regina, Sask., by panel truck from Ontario. Because the truck broke down in the city, and the police wanted it moved from the street, they learned the man's story.

He had left his home in the east as a result of personal problems and poor health and, with the child who seemed to be his only source of comfort, headed for the west.

After the police sergeant had heard the story, he made contact with the Army's social service officer and the Salvationist carefully and tactfully discussed with Mr. X his problem. Eventually he persuaded him that the boy needed a woman's care.

It was agreed that the child should go to his grandmother in Ontario and, when she received the request to take the boy, she forwarded his plane fare. The young lad was met at Winnipeg by another social service officer and his wife and cared for between planes.

A letter of sincere appreciation was received from the grandmother, also from the Saskatchewan Welfare and the Children's Aid representative.

Promoted To Glory

Brother Thomas Bateman, one of the older soldiers of Toronto Temple Corps, was promoted to Glory some months after his wife had been called Home. The funeral service was conducted by the corps officer, Major G. Oystrik, during which Captain F. Lewis, of Kingston, paid an earnest tribute to the departed comrade's memory and Mrs. Lewis sang a solo.

Prayer was offered for Adjutant D. Bateman (P) and relatives.

LONG-LOST SISTER FOUND

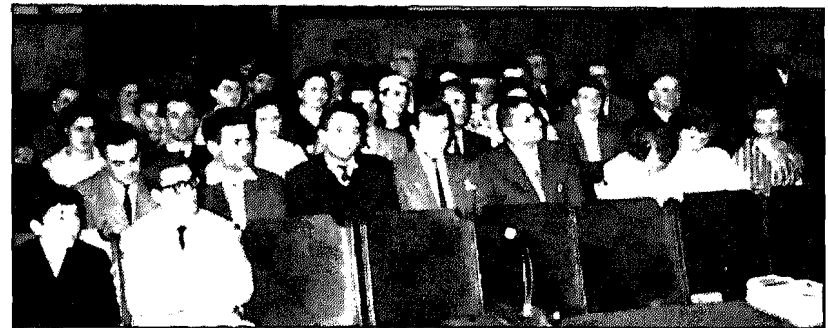
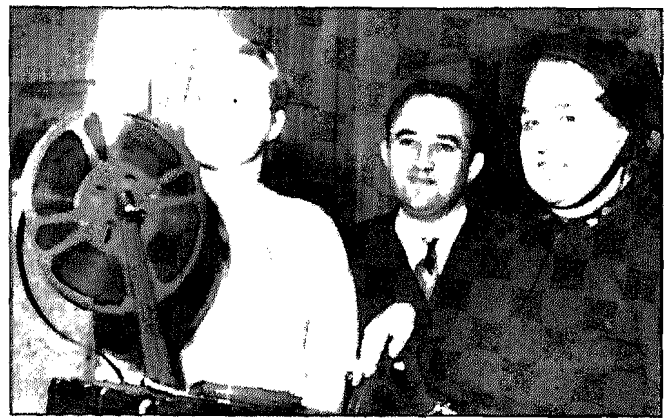
IN 1911 a Polish couple, with one child, left Poland and settled on a homestead in Alberta. Seven more children were eventually born on the tiny farm. Some years later the family was broken up, the four oldest children being placed in separate foster homes. The other four children were brought up by their parents.

Eventually, three of those who remained with the parents married and moved to Edmonton; the fourth died some years ago. The three knew they had three sisters and a brother somewhere, but knew neither their names nor whereabouts.

Inquiries had been made of agencies across Canada during the past several years but with no results. A few months ago, one of the sisters asked for help from The Salvation Army.

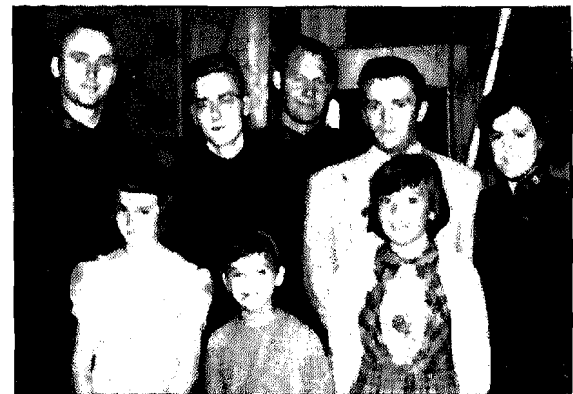
The officer consulted with the R.C.M.P. and, after weeks of work, the youngest of the sisters was located. She was too young when removed from her home to remember her relatives and was completely

AS REPORTED in a recent issue, Sr.-Major Mary Lichtenberger has for some years taught English to new Canadians of many nationalities. The projector seen in the photo with the Major and two students is of value in making the lessons plain. The picture below shows some of the class-members.



REINFORCEMENTS FOR NORTH BAY

FOUR JUNIOR and two senior soldiers were recently enrolled at North Bay—Captain and Mrs. B. Marshall.



GETTING TO THE POINT

WHEN a young Salvation Army Lieutenant attended a camping conference, the group discussed "Spiritual Values in Camping." Speakers emphasized spiritual help from sunsets, mountains and nature generally.

Finally, however, the young Lieutenant rose to his feet and said: "Why don't you call Him by His name? Jesus Christ is the centre of all spiritual values. I accepted Him as my Saviour at camp."

Dates To Remember

1960	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	1960	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
JAN	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	JUL	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16		10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23		17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30		24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31								31						
FEB	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	AUG	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21		15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28		22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29								29	30	31				
MAR	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	SEP	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21		15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28		22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31						29	30					
APR	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	OCT	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21		15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28		22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31						29	30					
MAY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	NOV	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21		15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28		22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31						29	30					
JUN	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	DEC	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21		15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28		22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31						29	30					



OLDEST SOLDIER on the roll at Whitney Pier, N.S., cuts the 58th anniversary cake, assisted by Junior Soldier Donald Sparks.

FORMER PRISONERS AIDED

A MAN who had been converted in prison through the instrumentality of the Army, requested the correctional services officer to meet him on his discharge. Not only did the Salvationist do this, but also found accommodation for him in an Army institution and, later, secured for him suitable employment.

The man today is in charge of a repair shop, and is a good member of the community in which he lives.

Another former prisoner had a job to go to, but needed cooking equipment and other articles to help him start life afresh. The Army's parole officer was glad to help supply the man's requirements.

Aug. 8th-21st—Senior Fellowship Camp, Jackson's Pt.

Sept. 11th—Rally Day.

Sept. 13th—Training College opens.

Sept. 23rd-28th—Congress, at Vancouver, B.C.

Oct. 1st-3rd—Congress at Winnipeg, Man.

Oct. 7th-11th—Congress at Toronto, Ont.



COMES TO BYKER REVIVAL



Tragedy almost came to Newcastle Byker Corps, when a bus smashed through the middle of the hall. Compelled by this sudden circumstance to gather in a smaller building, the Commanding Officer, Sr.-Captain Marion Dunn, suggested that they conduct an extra open-air meeting every Saturday afternoon when there would be a crowd of shoppers in the main thoroughfare.

It was while one of these meetings was in progress that a man staggered out of a public-house into the group of Salvationists. That was the beginning of the awakening!

Drive The Army Out of Newcastle

A MIDST the bustle of a shopping crowd late on a Saturday afternoon not many months ago there stood a small group of lads in Salvationist uniform, each with a brass instrument.

The woman Captain, scarcely taller than the band members, stepped into the centre of the ring. "Friends," she addressed the passers-by, "our young visitors have come to Byker this weekend from Sunderland Millfield. We would invite you to come to hear more of their music and also to hear about their Christian experience."

The Captain proceeded to tell the time at which each meeting would begin, unaware, as yet, of a man staggering out of a public-house on the opposite corner of the road. He did not heed her words but the sight of the uniform was familiar.

"Ah! The Salvation Army," he muttered in his drunken stupor. "I will drive them all out of Newcastle!"

Dishevelled, dirty and doddery, George Monkman approached the Salvationists. To his utter amazement he was greeted with an invitation to the evening meeting in the Army hall. He was adamant in his refusal, uttering a number of oaths and pushing away the programme offered him.

"You have set yourself a formidable task to attempt to drive all the Salvationists out of Newcastle," a Salvationist retorted, "surely life cannot be treating you that badly?" The Salvationist spoke sympathetically.

"Huh, treating me badly?" George jeered. "You would think so if you were in my boots—no home, no wife, nowhere to go..."

A Tale of Woe

Soon he was pouring out his tale of woe to the Salvationist. He could not have explained his reason for doing so, except that there was a sympathetic ear listening as he told of the way life had treated him.

He had been residing at a men's lodging-house because his wife had turned him out. She was tired of his drunken brawls and, after twenty years, felt that she could stand them no longer. The trouble had all started with an occasional visit for a pint to the public-house with the chaps. This seemed not an unreasonable thing to allow in the eyes of the gentle, reticent Mary at the time of their marriage. This small craving had led to his drinking to excess.

When turned out of his home, George eventually found accommodation in a men's lodging-house in the city, but the warden did not take kindly to a drink addict, especially one who gambled part of his wages and spent the rest on beer.

One Saturday morning, after he had been there some time, George collected ten pounds he had won on a horse race. He also had five pounds left out of his wages.

"Right," he said despairingly, "I'll spend this fifteen pounds on beer and then jump in the Tyne." There was nothing now worth living for.

He made his way to a favourite public-house. It was around eleven in the morning when he arrived, and

it was after three o'clock when he stumbled out, totally intoxicated, into The Salvation Army open-air ring.

The meeting concluded with prayer. George was not aware that the Salvationists had included his name in their prayers. They had asked God to save his soul and change his nature. As they formed up to march away the Salvationist who had been talking to George tried to persuade him to follow the march to the hall.

"I don't believe in God," George lisped intemperately. "I don't believe in God," he reiterated raucously, and



THE CAPTAIN helped to rescue the lurching George from certain death.

lurched into the middle of the traffic. The Captain left her place at the front of the march to help rescue George from certain death. A very unwilling George was almost dragged to the hall.

After speaking to George at length about his need of God, the Captain asked him, "Would you like to kneel at the mercy-seat? It is our place of prayer where we seek God's forgiveness and claim His power to live right." George said that he would. Rising diffidently, he followed the Captain to the front of the hall and knelt beside her.

Strange things were being said to George, and he listened carefully. He had never thought of asking for his sins to be forgiven. He did know that Jesus Christ had been crucified, but it had never concerned him until this moment as the Captain explained that Jesus had died to save men from their sins, men with evil habits over which they had no control; that He could help even George to start afresh.

Suddenly George knelt upright and said, "I do believe my life can be changed, and that God can forgive my sins!" He smiled, then exclaimed, "God have mercy on me!" He emptied his pockets of cigarettes and betting-slips, and vowed to have done with them and the drink. He asked if he might go to the lodging-house to smarten himself up for the evening meeting.

Immediately the Captain and two of her comrades went to see Mary, whose address they had procured from George.

A small, plumpish, sad-faced, quiet woman opened the door and eyed

them suspiciously when they mentioned her husband. The lines of sadness on her face were emphasized as she said bitterly that she was not interested. Eventually, in response to the Captain's pleadings and the news of George's conversion, she invited the Salvationists indoors.

The home was nicely furnished, the result of Mary's hard work, for her husband had not given her money enough to buy even an egg-cup. The woman spoke softly of twenty years of unhappiness and of the peace she had known since George had gone.

The Captain pleaded that she might give God a chance. They all knelt together and repeated the Lord's prayer. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive..." Tears welled up in Mary's eyes and it was some time before she could say this phrase, but say it she did—and she meant it.

At the conclusion of the prayer, she promised to attend the evening meeting with her son to meet her husband. This she did.

He Didn't Show Up

George was not there. The Captain left the meeting and searched the lodging-house. She looked in the public-houses but there was no trace of him.

When the Captain returned, Mary heard the sad news. The officer persuaded Mary to attend again on the following evening, Sunday. At least the wife had been gratified to learn that her husband had managed to keep his job at a scaffolding firm.

At tea-time the Captain and some of her comrades set off for George's lodging-house, only to find that he was not there. With sad hearts they made their way back, peering at every passer-by. Then, surprisingly, they saw George looking into a shop window. He was a different George. The change in his appearance was most noticeable.

"We've been looking for you everywhere," cried the Captain as she ran up to him.

He explained that he was at a loose end and, not wanting to go into a public-house, was passing the time shop-window gazing. Then he explained his absence from the meeting on the previous evening. "I was so tired when I got to my room," he said, "that I lay down to have forty winks, and when I woke up it was too late. So I went for a walk."

It was a happy George who heard the news that his wife would be arranging to see him, and he was ashamed that he had missed her the night before.

The group, including George, arrived at the hall just as the evening meeting was about to commence. The Captain planned for the man to sit with a comrade who would befriend him.

The meeting progressed but George could not see Mary. Songs were sung and prayers were said. He listened to the word of God. Then he

noticed that the Captain's chair was vacant. He had not seen her leave the meeting. "Has she gone to look for Mary as she came looking for me last evening?" he wondered. He was right.

The Captain found her where an engagement party was in full swing. Mary was seen sitting sadly in a corner with her son. At the sight of the Salvationists she remembered her promise. Quickly she gathered her belongings and accompanied the Captain to the hall.

By this time the meeting was nearing its conclusion, but it was decided to continue in prayer for a while longer. As the appeal was made for anyone who was in need of Salvation to make an open decision, George deliberately rose from his place and knelt at the mercy-seat. Immediately Mary, accompanied by George junior knelt beside her husband. There they were reconciled to God and to each other.

Today this family can be seen in Salvationist uniform and serving in the ranks at Newcastle Byker Corps.

"We are the happiest family in Newcastle," George and his wife assert. On Saturday afternoons George can be found with his comrades at the corner of Shields Road giving out the Gospel message, just as he heard it on that momentous Saturday afternoon when he discovered The Salvation Army. Now his great desire is to influence his workmates and fellow-citizens who are addicted to evil habits.

On the Air

BARRIE, Ont. — CKBB (1230 kcs.) "Sunday evening at the Citadel." The last Sunday of each month from 7.00 p.m. to 8.15 p.m.
BOWMANVILLE, Ont. — CKLB (1350 kcs.) Sunday from 9.30 to 9.45 a.m., "Showers of Blessing."
BRANTFORD, Ont. — CKPC (1380 kcs.) Every Sunday from 9.30 to 10.00 a.m., (E.T.), a broadcast by the Citadel Band.
BRANDON, Man. — CKX (1150 kcs.) First Sunday each month; holiness meeting.
BROCKVILLE, Ont. — CFJR (1450 kcs.) Each Sunday from 9.30 a.m. to 10 a.m. (E.T.), a devotional broadcast featuring the young people of the corps.
CAMPBELLTON, N.B. — CKNB (950 kcs.) Every second Monday morning from 8.45 to 9 o'clock (A.T.), conducted by the corps officers.
CHATHAM, Ont. — CFCC (630 kcs.) A broadcast by the Citadel Corps from 2.00 to 2.30 p.m. (Local Time), on alternate Sundays. Every Tuesday, 9.00 a.m. Fifteen minutes devotional period conducted by the corps officers.
GRAND FALLS, Nfld. — CBT (990 kcs.) Every fourth Sunday; 11 a.m. holiness meeting.
KENTVILLE, N.S. — CKEN (1350 kcs.) Each Saturday morning at 10.30 "The Children's Bible Hour." Every fourth Sunday of the month at 7.00 p.m., salvation meeting.
KIRKLAND LAKE, Ont. — CJLC (560 kcs.) "Blessed Assurance," a devotional programme conducted by the corps officer, each Sunday from 9.30 to 10.00 a.m.
NIAGARA FALLS, Ont. — CHVC (1600 kcs.) One Sunday a month holiness meeting broadcast from the citadel at 11.00 a.m.
PEACE RIVER, Alta. — CKYL (630 kcs.) Each Wednesday from 8.30-9 p.m. The meeting known as "Mid-week Praise Service."
PRINCE GEORGE, B.C. — CKPG (850 kcs.) Each Sunday from 2 to 2.30 p.m. "Radio Sunday School of Northern B.C." A programme especially designed for children isolated from regular church or Sunday school attendance.
SHERBROOKE, Que. — Sunday School of the Air. Sunday morning at 9.15 Station CKTS (900 kcs.)
WINGHAM, Ont. — CKNX (920 kcs.) Every third Saturday, 9.15 to 9.30 a.m. "Church of the Air."
It will be helpful if those responsible for radio broadcasts will check the foregoing list for their items and inform the editor immediately of any discrepancy or cessation of broadcast.